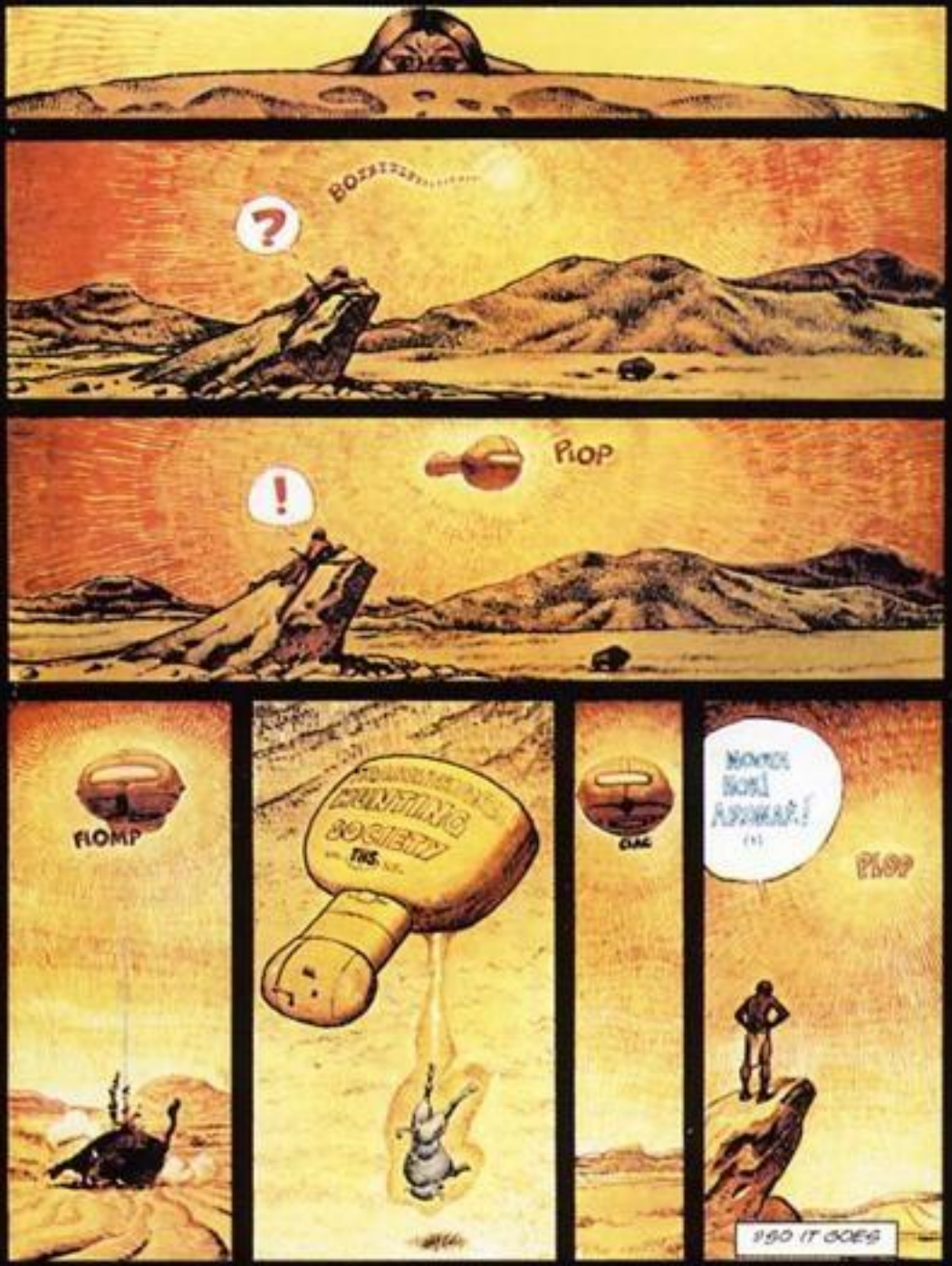

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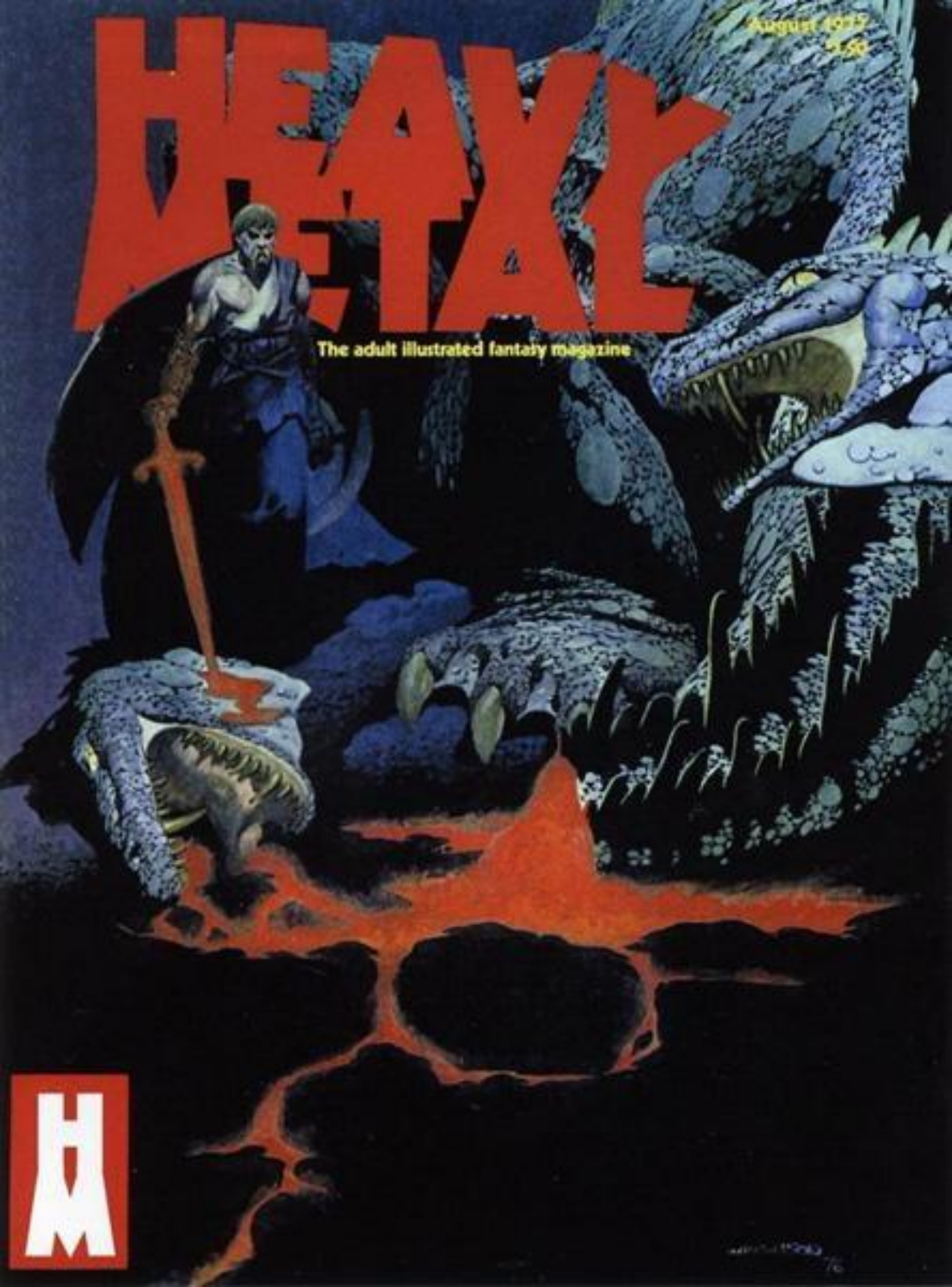
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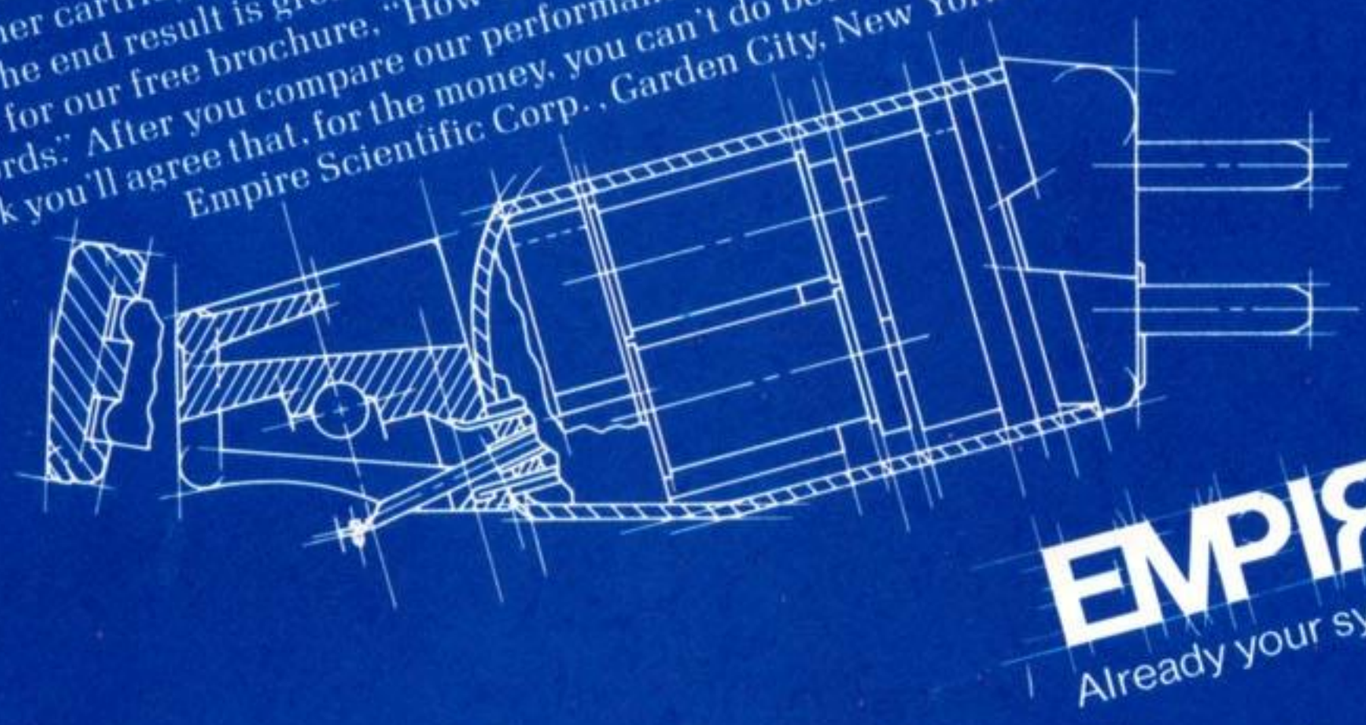

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TRACKING FORCE RANGE	¾-1¼ gm	¾-1½ gm	1-1¾ gm	¾-1¼ gm	¾-1½ gm	¾-1½ gm	1-2 gm	1¼-2½ gm	1½-3 gm
SEPARATION: 15Hz to 1KHz 1KHz to 20KHz 20KHz to 50KHz 20 Hz to 500Hz 500Hz to 15KHz 15KHz to 20KHz	28 db 23 db 15 db	26 db 21 db 15 db	24 db 20 db 15 db	20 db 30 db 25 db	20 db 28 db 20 db	20 db 25 db 18 db	18 db 23 db 15 db	18 db 23 db 15 db	16 db 21 db 13 db
I. M. DISTORTION @ 3.54 cm/sec	.2% 2KHz-20KHz	.2% 2KHz-20KHz	.2% 2KHz-20KHz	.08% 2KHz-20KHz	.1% 2KHz-20KHz	.15% 2KHz-20KHz	.2% 2KHz-20KHz	.2% 2KHz-20KHz	.2% 2KHz-20KHz
STYLUS	.2 mil bi-radial	.2 mil bi-radial	.2 mil bi-radial	.2 x .7 mil elliptical	.2 x .7 mil elliptical	.2 x .7 mil elliptical	.2 x .7 mil elliptical	.3 x .7 mil elliptical	.7 mil radius spherical
EFFECTIVE TIP MASS	.4 milligram	.4 milligram	.4 milligram	.2 milligram	.6 milligram	.6 milligram	.6 milligram	.9 milligram	1 milligram
COMPLIANCE	30×10^{-6} cm/dyne	30×10^{-6} cm/dyne	30×10^{-6} cm/dyne	30×10^{-6} cm/dyne	20×10^{-6} cm/dyne	18×10^{-6} cm/dyne	17×10^{-6} cm/dyne	16×10^{-6} cm/dyne	14×10^{-6} cm/dyne
TRACKING ABILITY	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1 gm	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1¼ gm	30 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1½ gm	38 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ .9 gm	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1 gm	28 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1¼ gm	28 cm/sec @ 1 KHz @ 1½ gm	28 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1¾ gm	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 2 gm
CHANNEL BALANCE	within 1 db @ 1KHz	within 1 db @ 1KHz	within 1½ db @ 1KHz	within ¾ db @ 1KHz	within 1 db @ 1KHz	within 1¼ db @ 1KHz	within 1½ db @ 1KHz	within 1½ db @ 1KHz	within 1½ db @ 1KHz
INPUT LOAD	100K ohms/ channel	100K ohms/ channel	100K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel
TOTAL CAPACITANCE	under 100 pf/channel	under 100 pf/channel	under 100 pf/channel	300 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel
OUTPUT @ 3.54 cm/sec	3 mv/channel	3 mv/channel	3 mv/channel	3 mv/channel	4.5 mv/channel	4.5 mv/channel	7 mv/channel	7 mv/channel	7 mv/channel

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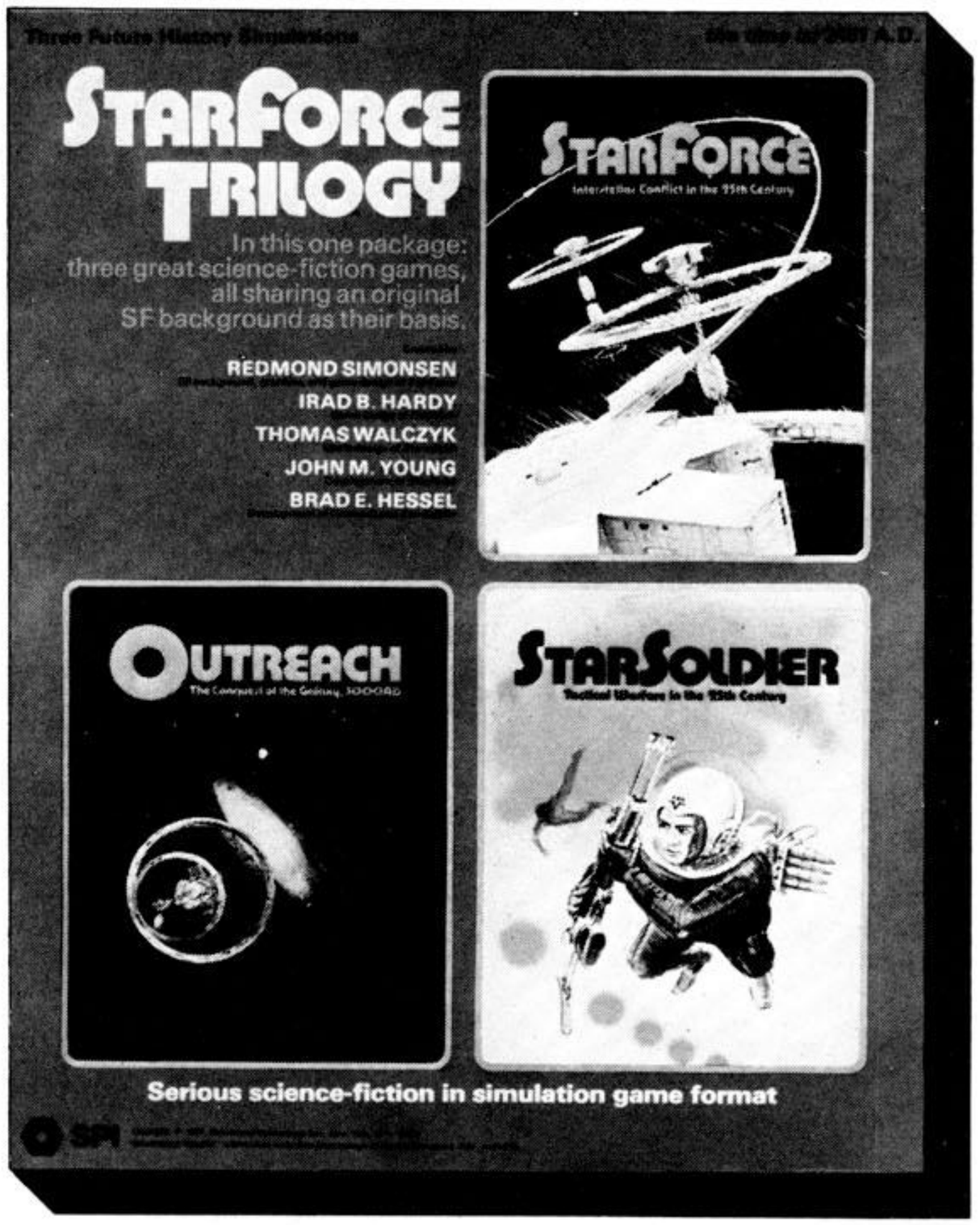

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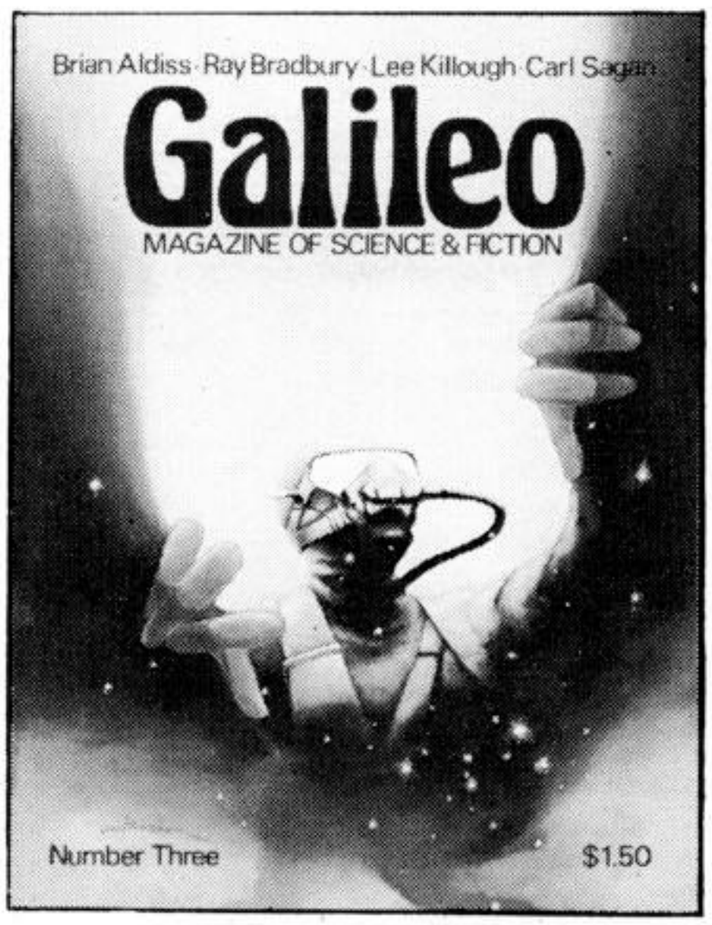

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Oxford English Dictionary

"*Heavy metal* rock is to music what the atom bomb is to warfare..."

Chuck Young, *Rolling Stone*

"Do not believe the calumny that our metal fallout will turn the planet into a slag heap. And in any case, is that worse than a compost heap? *Heavy metal* is our program and we are prepared to sink through it..."

William Burroughs, *The Soft Machine*

or, to mix up your meta and your physics, *Heavy Metal* is for those who grasp the specific gravity of the situation....

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Collector's Items

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HM #2/MAY,1977: Introducing Roger, the paranoid puppet, Virso, the cosmic maiden, Russian astronauts, Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival, while Harzak, Sunpot, and Den continue.

HM #3/JUNE, 1977: Features Night Images, poetry by Conan's creator, Robert E. Howard, with illustrations by Corben, Macedo's Rockblitz, the highly praised Shells, the first chapter of Davis's World Apart, more Den, Sunpot, and Harzak.

HM #4/JULY, 1977: Is a must for Moebius fans, with 12 pages of Harzak and his s/f spy saga, The Long Tomorrow, with the end of Sunpot, further adventures of Den, the psychic Nep Simo, and the horrible Gold Queen.

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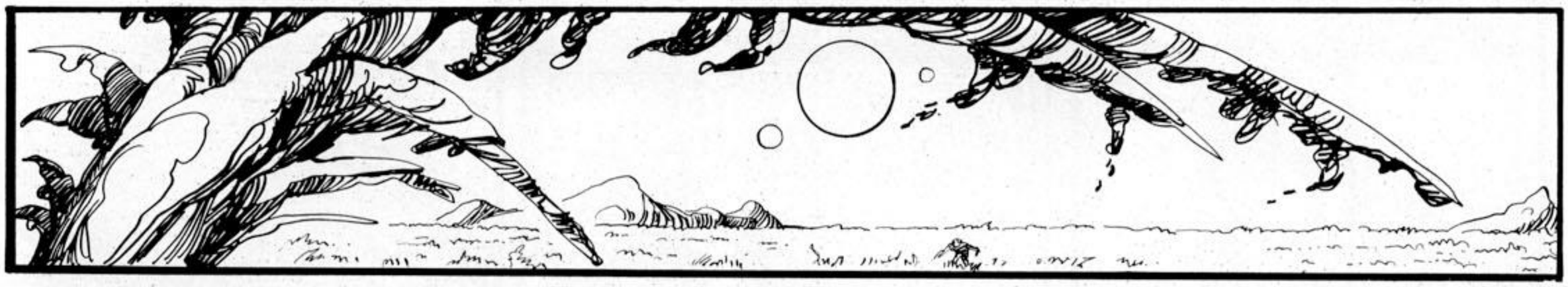


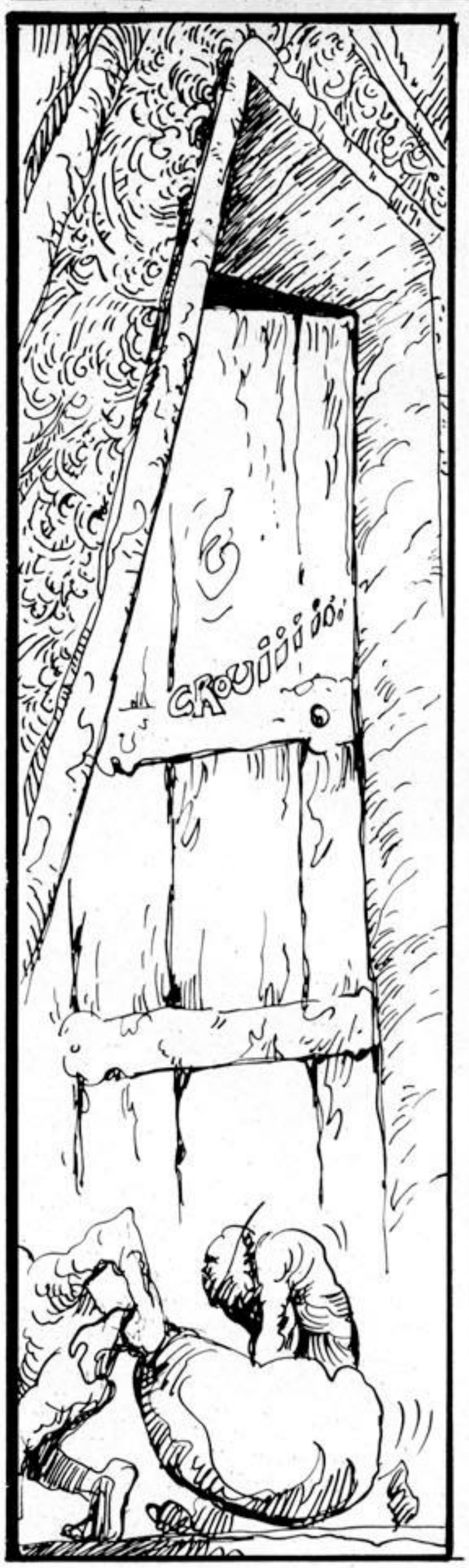
THE BLACK QUEEN

STORY BY **MARCEL GOTLIB**

DRAWINGS BY **PHILIPPE DRUILLET**

WHO IS IT?
DRING!

MAJESTY, WE HAVE BROUGHT A MAGNIFICENT SPECIMEN FOR YOUR PLEASURE!...
VERY WELL, BY GHORDJAZZ!... ENTER!...



COME NEAR, BY GHORDJAZZ!... THE BLACK QUEEN HUNGERS FOR LOVE!!

OPEN THE SACK, BY GHORDJAZZ!!

AAARRRGHHH!! NO! BY GHORDJAZZ!!

AAARHHG! HIS HANDS! HIS NAILS! BY GHORDJAZZ, HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU?... FILTHY SCUM... DISGUSTING HUMANS!!...

BY GHORDJAZZ, THOSE REPULSIVE NAILS! I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE!

CUT OFF HIS HANDS!

CARRY THESE REPUGNANT REMAINS **AWAY** AND THROW THEM INTO THE SWAMP AS ORGANIC **FERTILIZER!!** BY **GHORDJAZZ!!** I WILL NOT STAND FOR THESE **CREATURES** WHO BITE THEIR **NAILS!!**...

IT'S STRONGER THAN I... I HOPE BY NOW THAT THIS IS UNDERSTOOD BY **GHORDJAZZ.**

FIN

*FOR THOSE WHO WOULD LIKE TO KNOW MORE ABOUT **GHORDJAZZ**, **HEAVY METAL** ANNOUNCES THAT IT WILL PUBLISH A FULL **REPORT** AND AN EXCLUSIVE **INTERVIEW** IN ITS JULY 2012 ISSUE.*

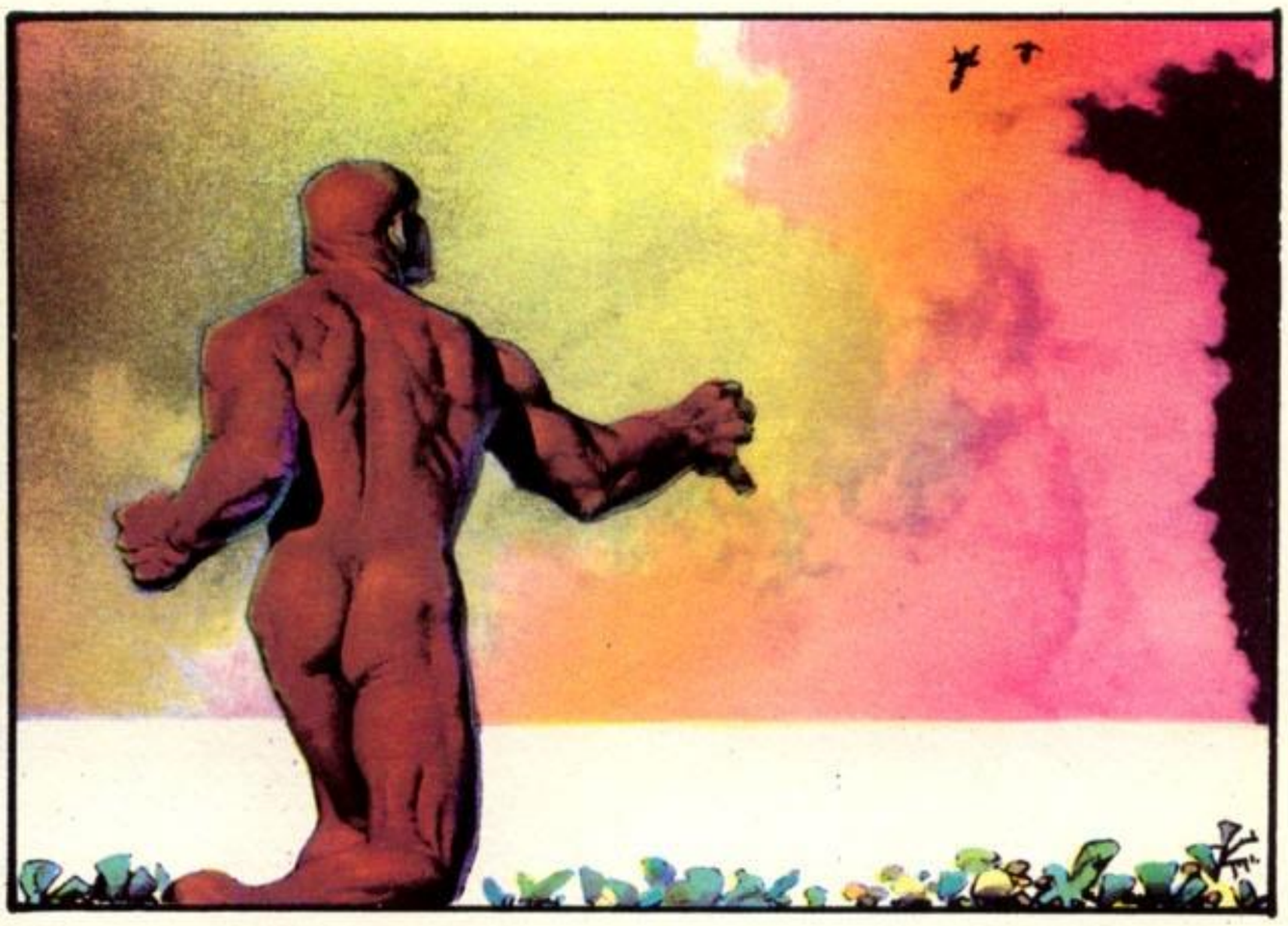
DEN

In this strange world, Neverwhere, I met a beautiful woman and we fell in love. But a hideous creature from my forgotten past had intruded. The bandit chieftain was about to kill me when a swarm of insect monsters attacked.

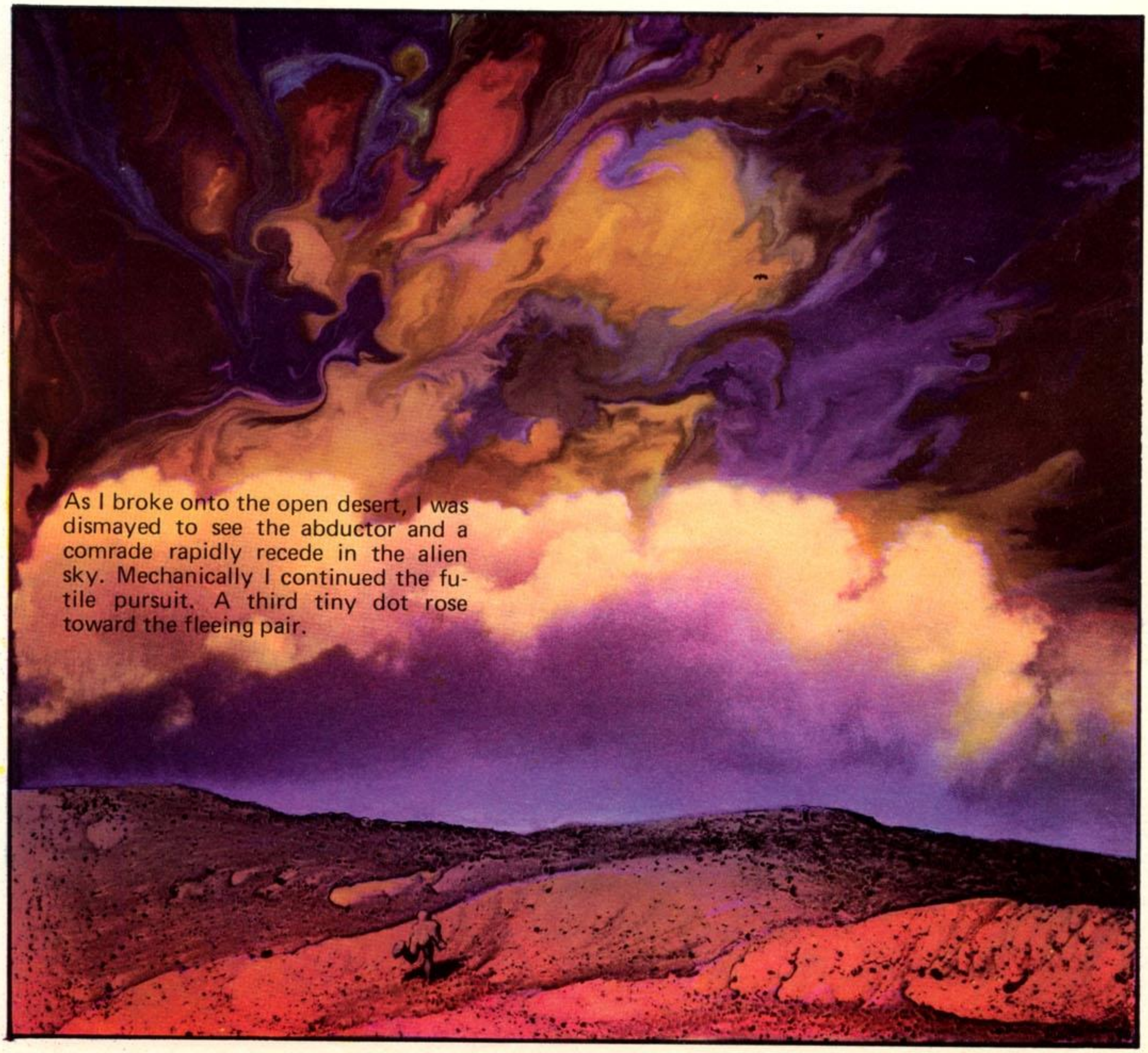
I grabbed wildly, crushing Gel's genitals an instant before my neck would have snapped. I screamed with the effort of throwing him back. He bellowed his agony.

One of the insect warriors had grabbed Kath and bore her onto his mount. Even as I charged, they flew.

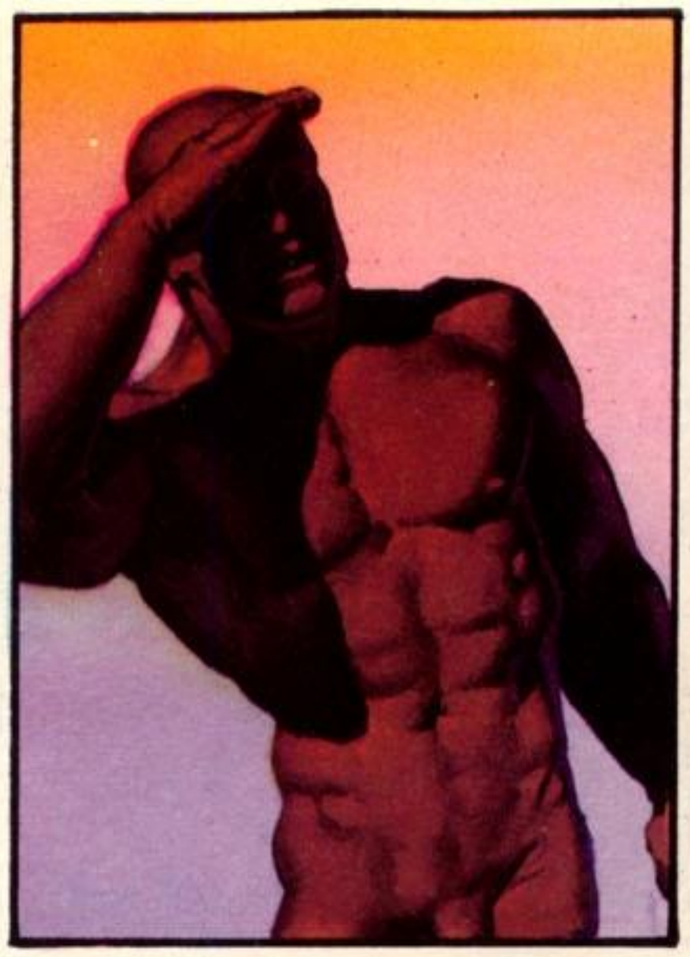
The spear hit the flyer but did not stop it. I zigzagged across the battlefield and ran headlong through the thick undergrowth to elude the combatants.



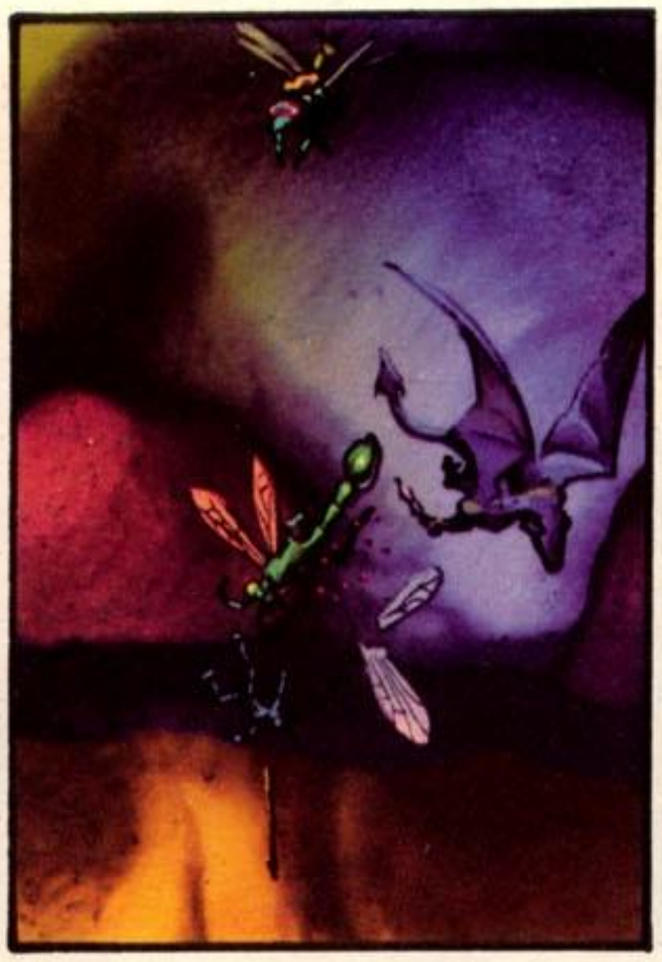
I ran hard and thought my heart would burst. Kath's life depended upon it.



As I broke onto the open desert, I was dismayed to see the abductor and a comrade rapidly recede in the alien sky. Mechanically I continued the futile pursuit. A third tiny dot rose toward the fleeing pair.



I was astonished to see the third spot attack the first two.

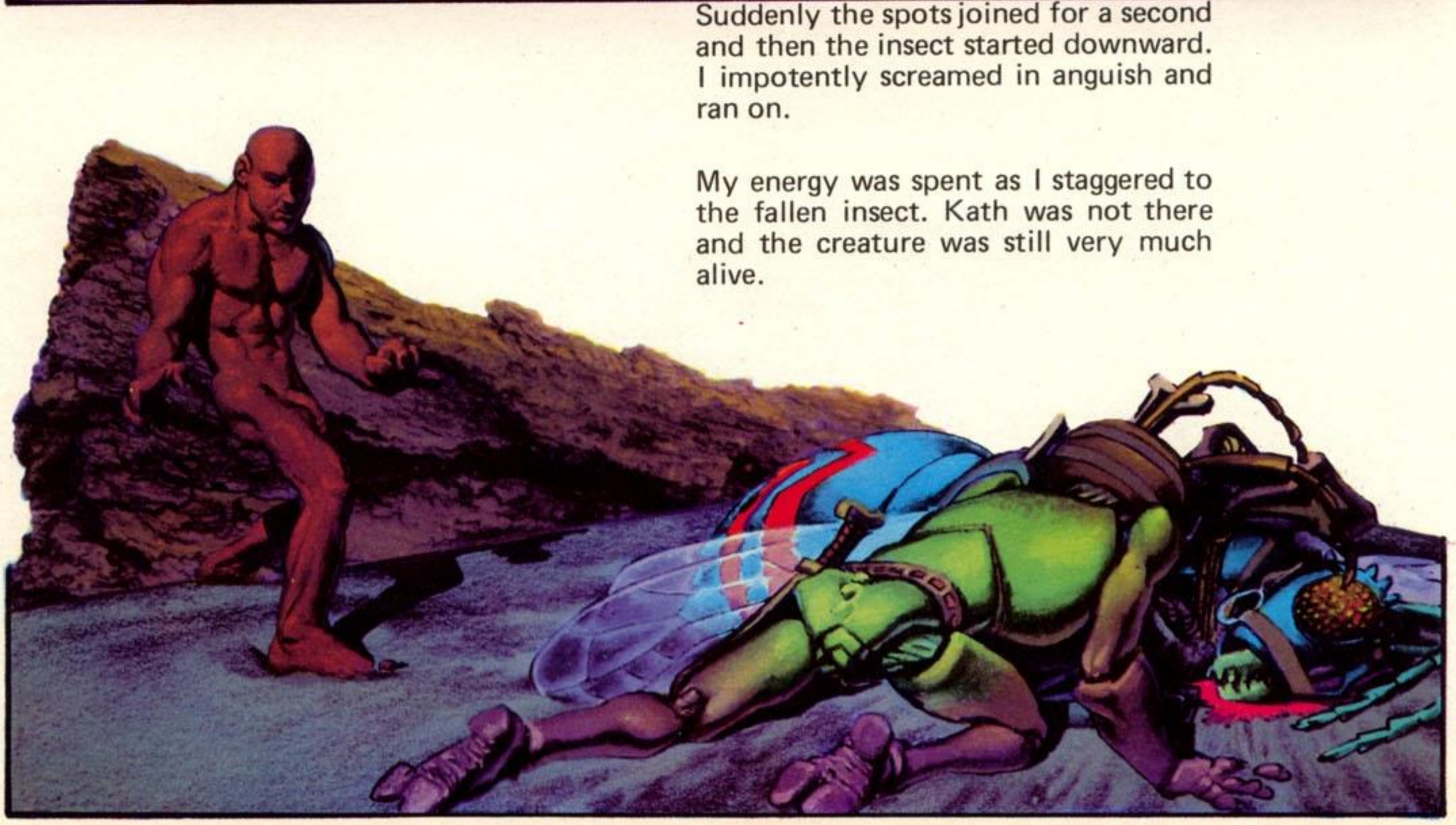


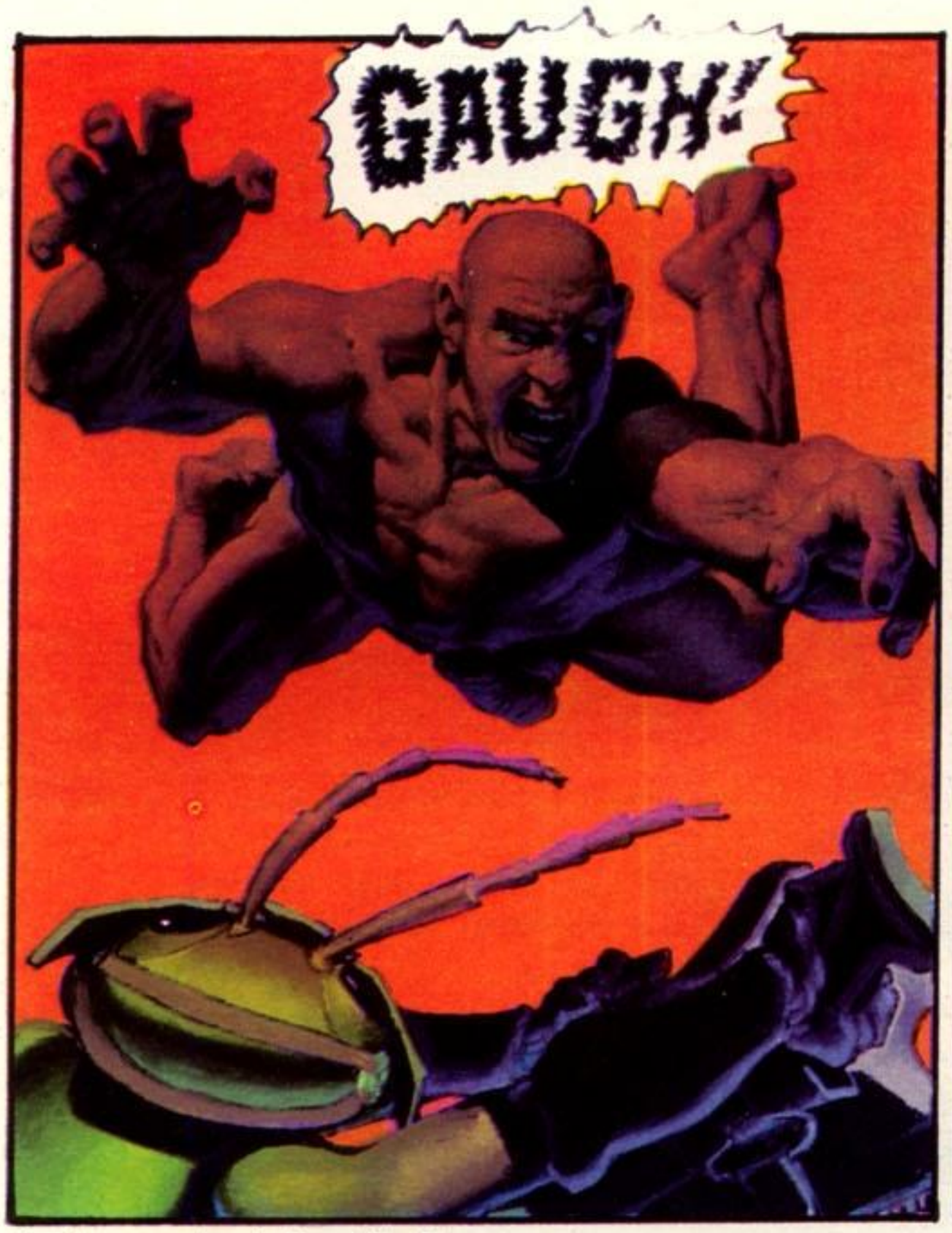
The newcomer struck one of the insect flyers and it plummeted.

Then the stranger circled and worried Kath's abductor. I prayed she would not fall.

Suddenly the spots joined for a second and then the insect started downward. I impotently screamed in anguish and ran on.

My energy was spent as I staggered to the fallen insect. Kath was not there and the creature was still very much alive.





As he reached for his firearm, I leaped.

I grabbed the insect and rolled, pulling him with me.

He was up instantly, brandishing a shortsword.

His blade arched toward me. I sprung back.

I landed on his dead mount and withdrew the gun. He drew back the sword. . .

KRAK!

. . . and threw it as I fired.

The insect's throat exploded. He leaped with arms and legs flailing. When he hit the sand he was dead. I was untouched.

The stranger landed. It was a human warrior and he had Kath. I did not know whether to thank him or start shooting.

No, Den.
This is Kang.
He saved me.

Hello Den. I was on my way to the ruins at Neborc when I saw those fiends with Kath.

I don't know what to say, Kang. Thank you. We're greatly indebted to you.

Nevermind that. Come, take some food with me. I would speak to you of other things.

I'm relieved that everyone we meet in this land isn't trying to kill us.

You have the looks of one who intends to survive regardless of the odds. Will you accompany me to those ruins? I am meeting a person there and he can offer you great riches if you will help us.

Kang seemed greatly excited about Kath and I joining him to at least speak to his partner. We did not wish to return to those ruins but I felt we would be better off there with armed warriors for friends than alone here in this wasteland. Also we might learn from them how we came to this world. We agreed.

Ah, he is here already with the workmen. He is extremely rich Den, and we are going to overthrow the evil queen.

Revolt seems quite popular here.

You refer to that brainless outlaw Gel. He is no threat to the queen or us. Help us Den and we'll give you a fortune. We must free the people. We now have taken these ruins of Neborc. Soon all will be ours.

We're not interested in a fortune.

Think about it Den. But now he awaits you.

Den meet Ard.

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Los Angeles, Calif.

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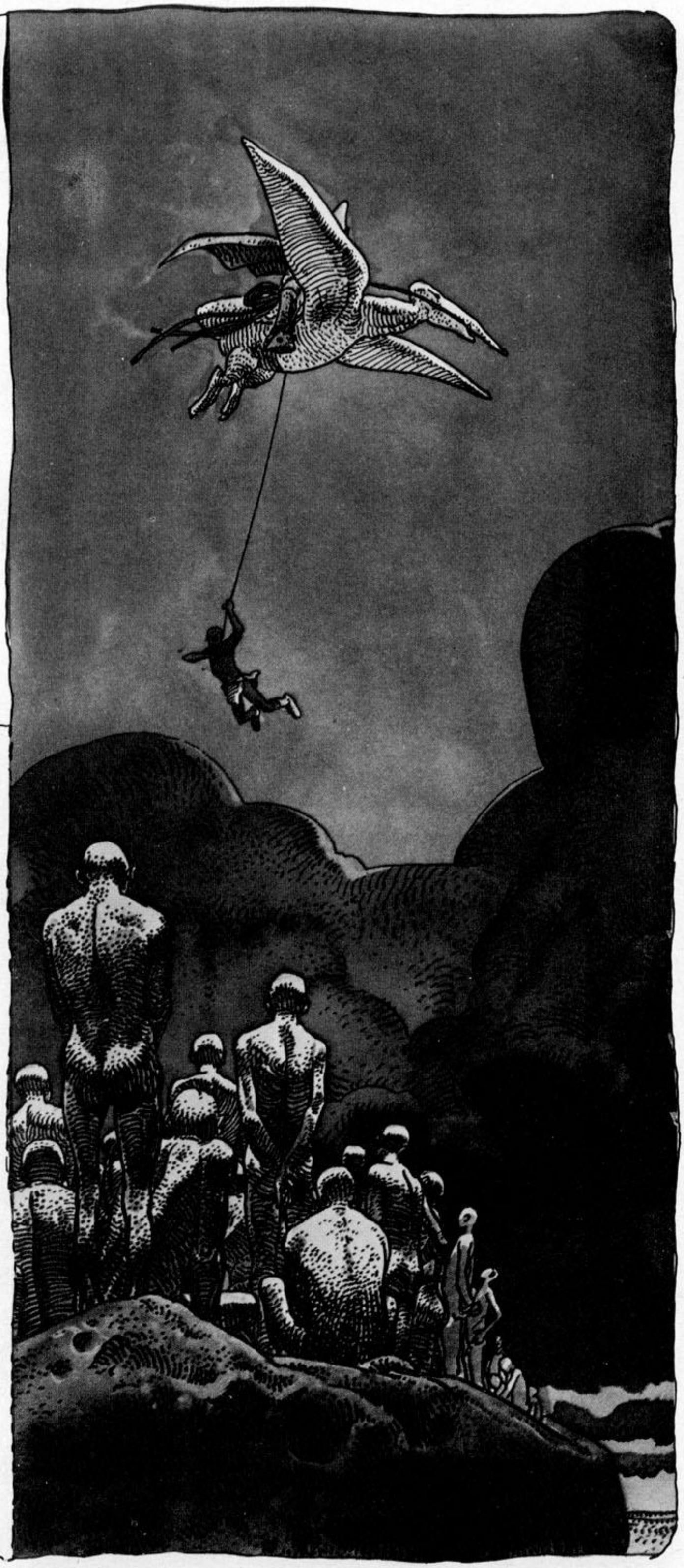
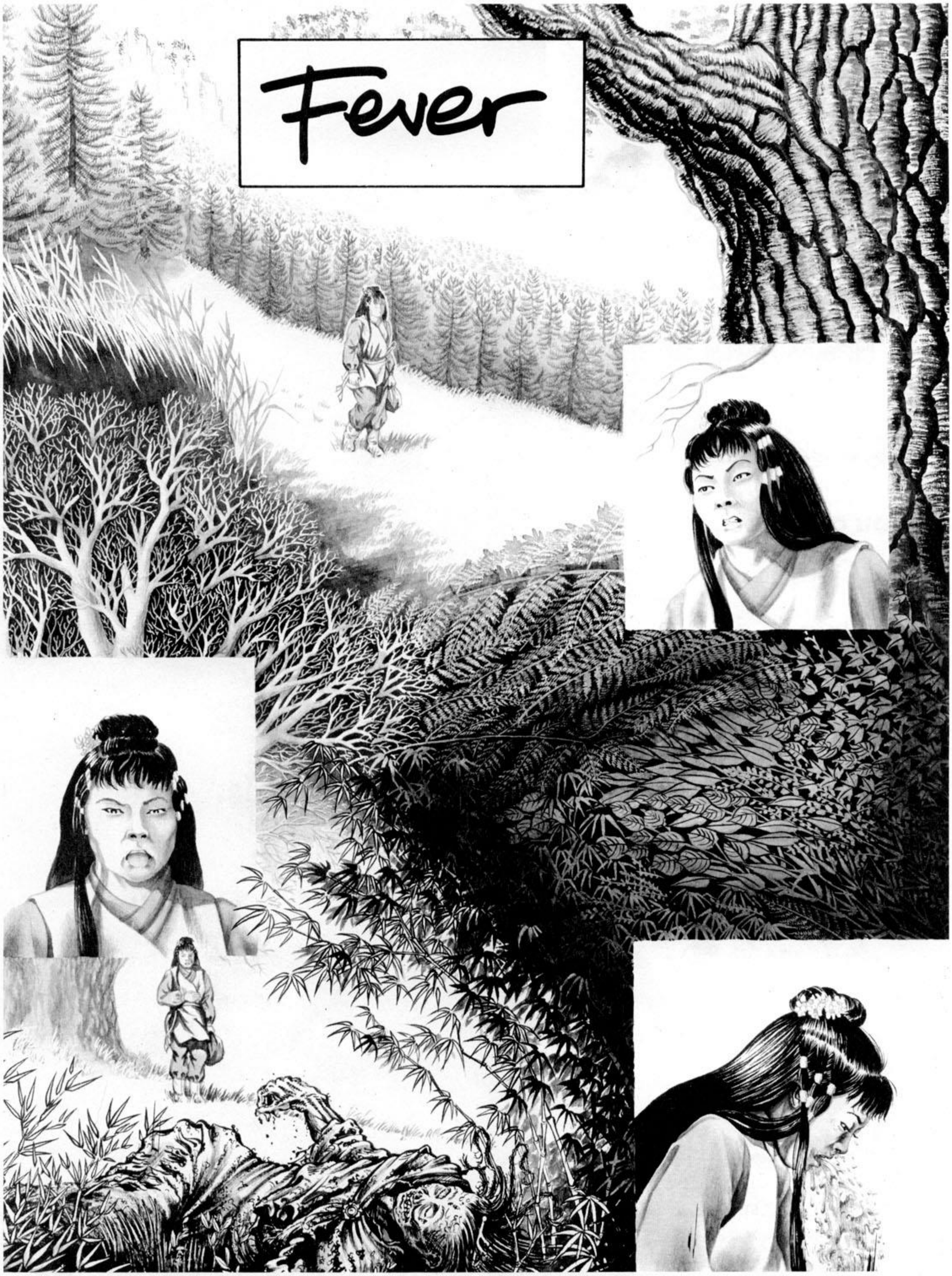
CITY:_____ **STATE:**_____ **ZIP:**_____

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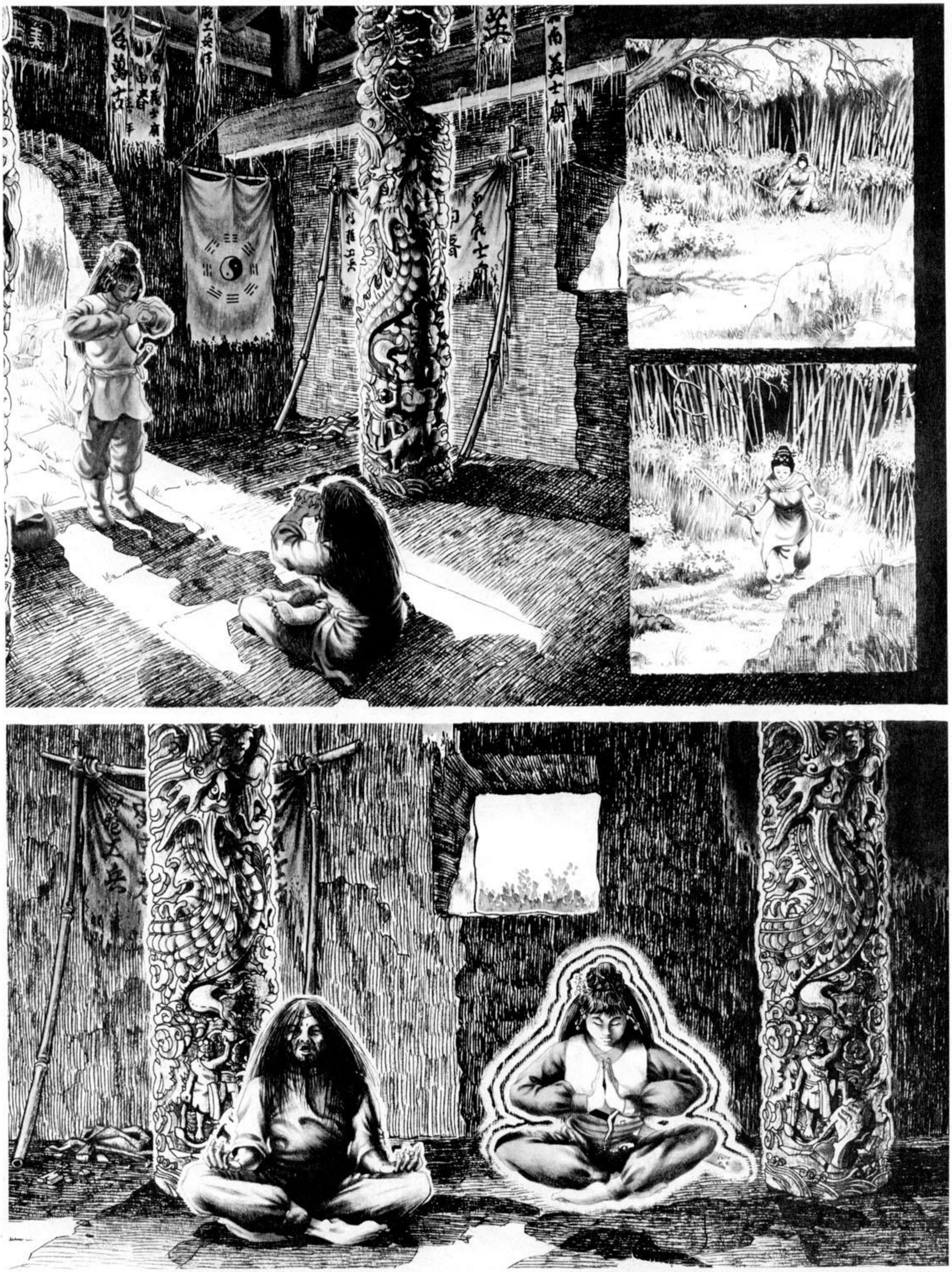

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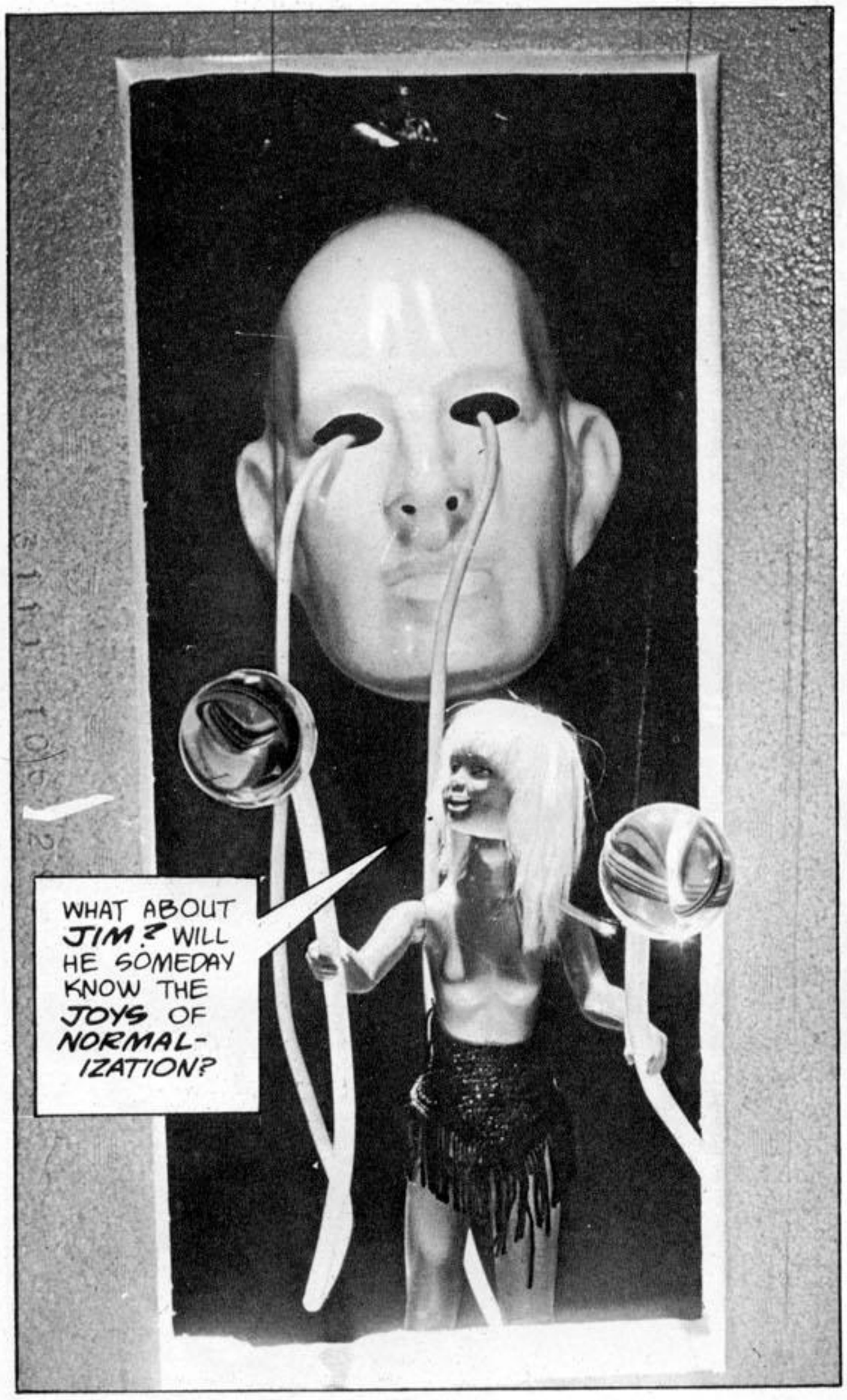
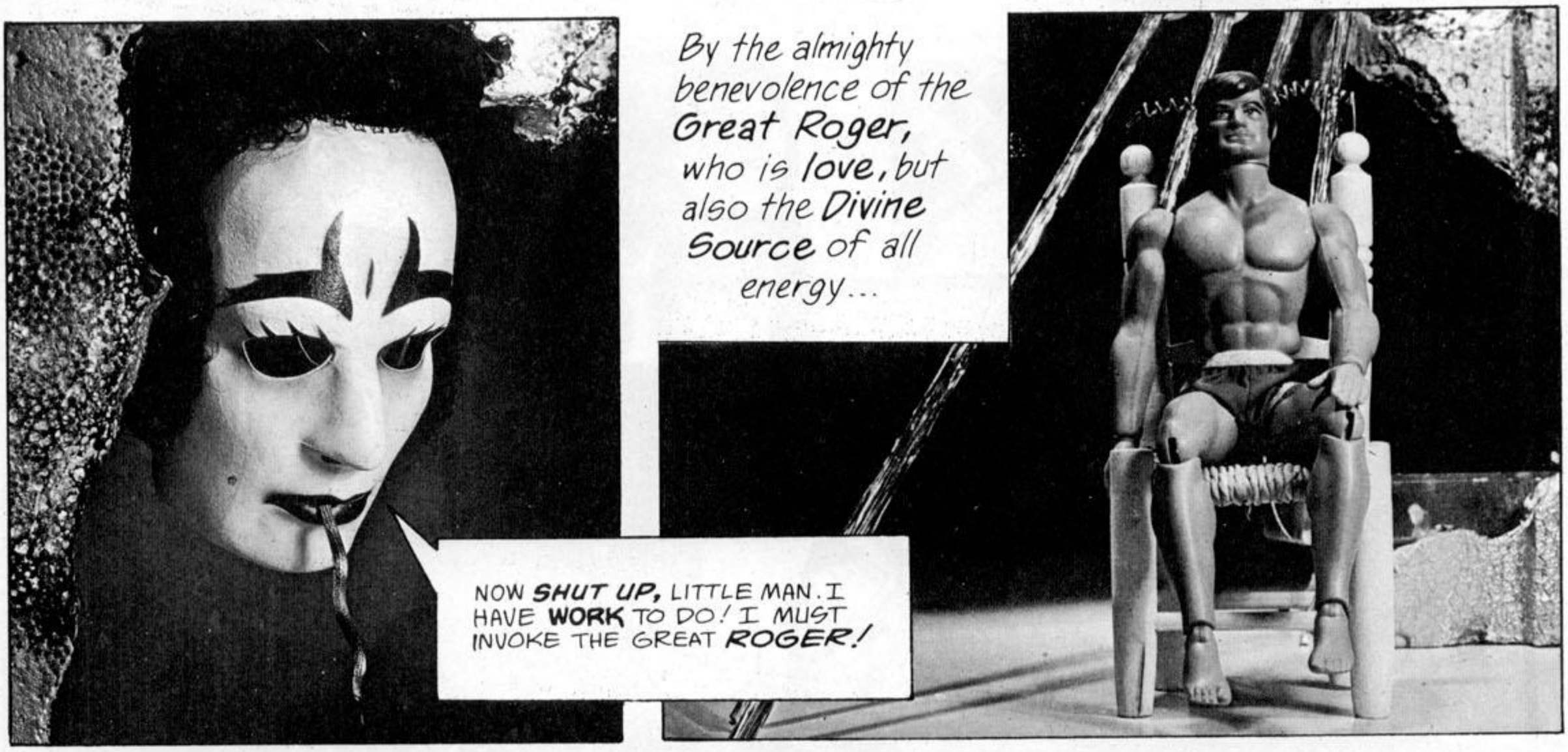


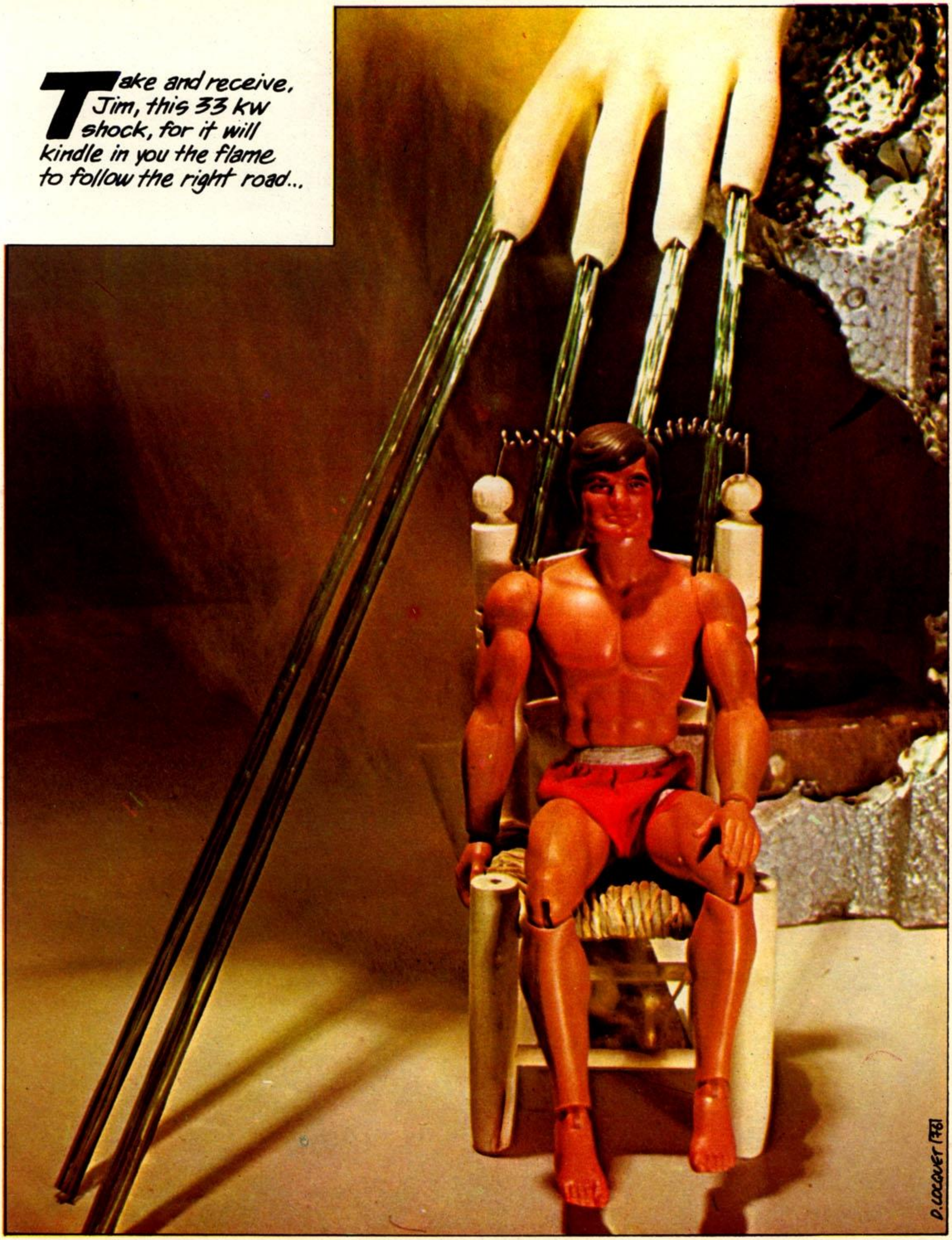
"No! I have simply ordered that he **return** all the **energy** he has squandered on his **revolt** against the **established order!**"

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, BE IT KNOWN THAT I AM MAD AND DANGEROUS!
YOUR REPARATION FILE SAID IT WOULD TAKE A LONG TIME... I AM EVEN PREPARED TO BELIEVE THAT YOU ARE IRREPAR-ABLE! BUT... ORDERS ARE ORDERS!

By the almighty benevolence of the **Great Roger,** who is **love,** but also the **Divine Source** of all energy...



Take and receive, Jim, this 33 kw shock, for it will kindle in you the flame to follow the right road...



I FEEL *NOTHING*. IT DOESN'T *WORK*.

YET I KNOW NOW THAT THE *RIGHT WAY* WILL NOT LEAD ME INTO ANY WORLD THAT IS *NOT* MY *OWN*.

YOU CAN HAVE NO REAL EFFECT ON ME; NEITHER *YOU*, NOR *ROGER!*

YOU EXIST ONLY IN MY SICK **SOUL**.

THIS WORLD, MY LITTLE MAN, IS **HELL**, BUT YOU CAN **LEAVE** IT...

WHEN YOU HAVE FOUND **ZOË** AGAIN!

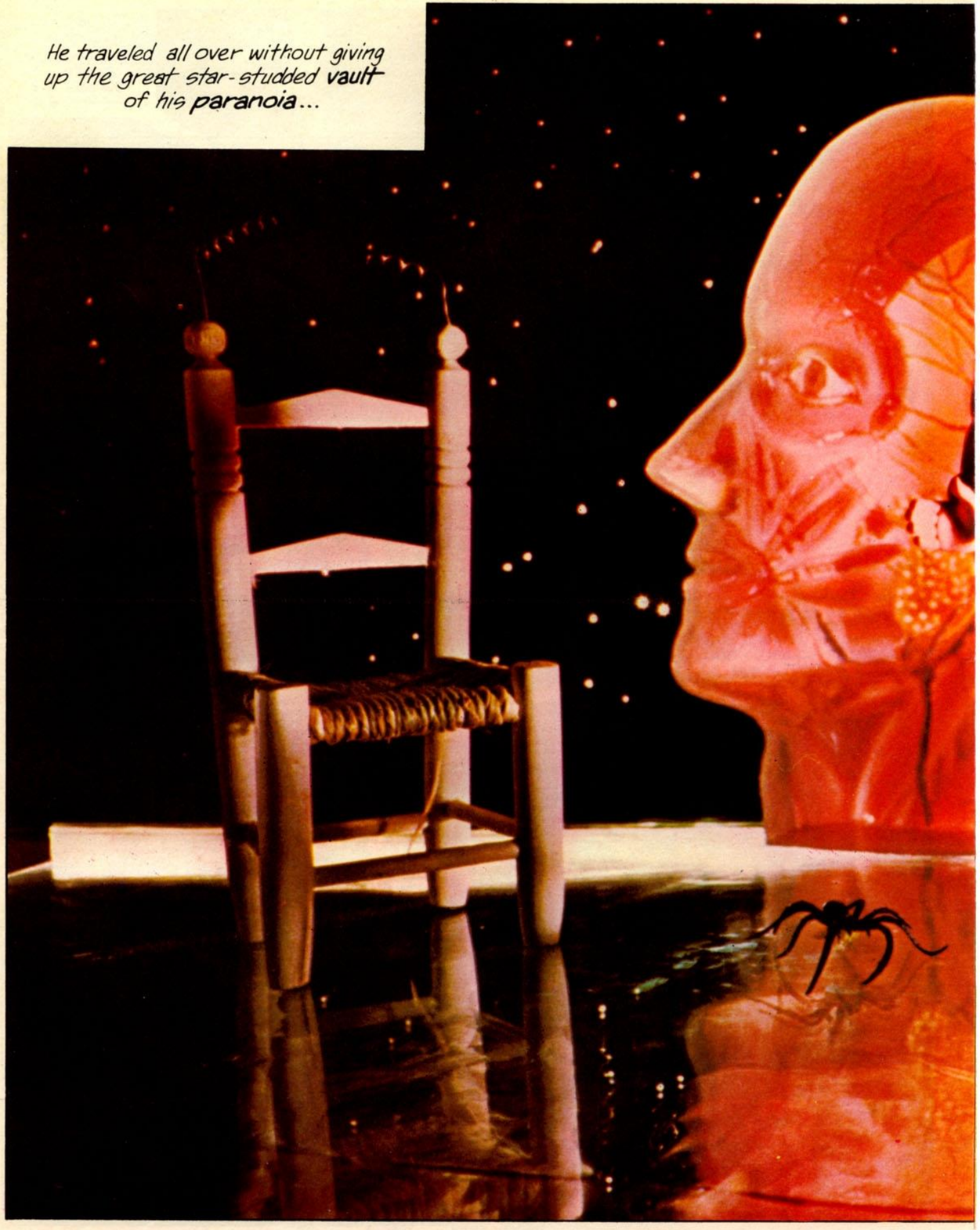
IT WILL BE **NECESSARY** TO CONVINCE HER TO CONSTRUCT WITH YOU THE **WORLD** TO WHICH YOU HAVE A **RIGHT**, DOWN THERE!

GOOD-BYE!...

The little plastic man conformed to the model **Jim** *left to find Zoë, his* **soul sister**, *Zoë, the great normalized gash!*

He traveled all over without giving up the great star-studded **vault** of his **paranoia**...

He traveled all over without giving up the great star-studded **vault** of his **paranoia**...

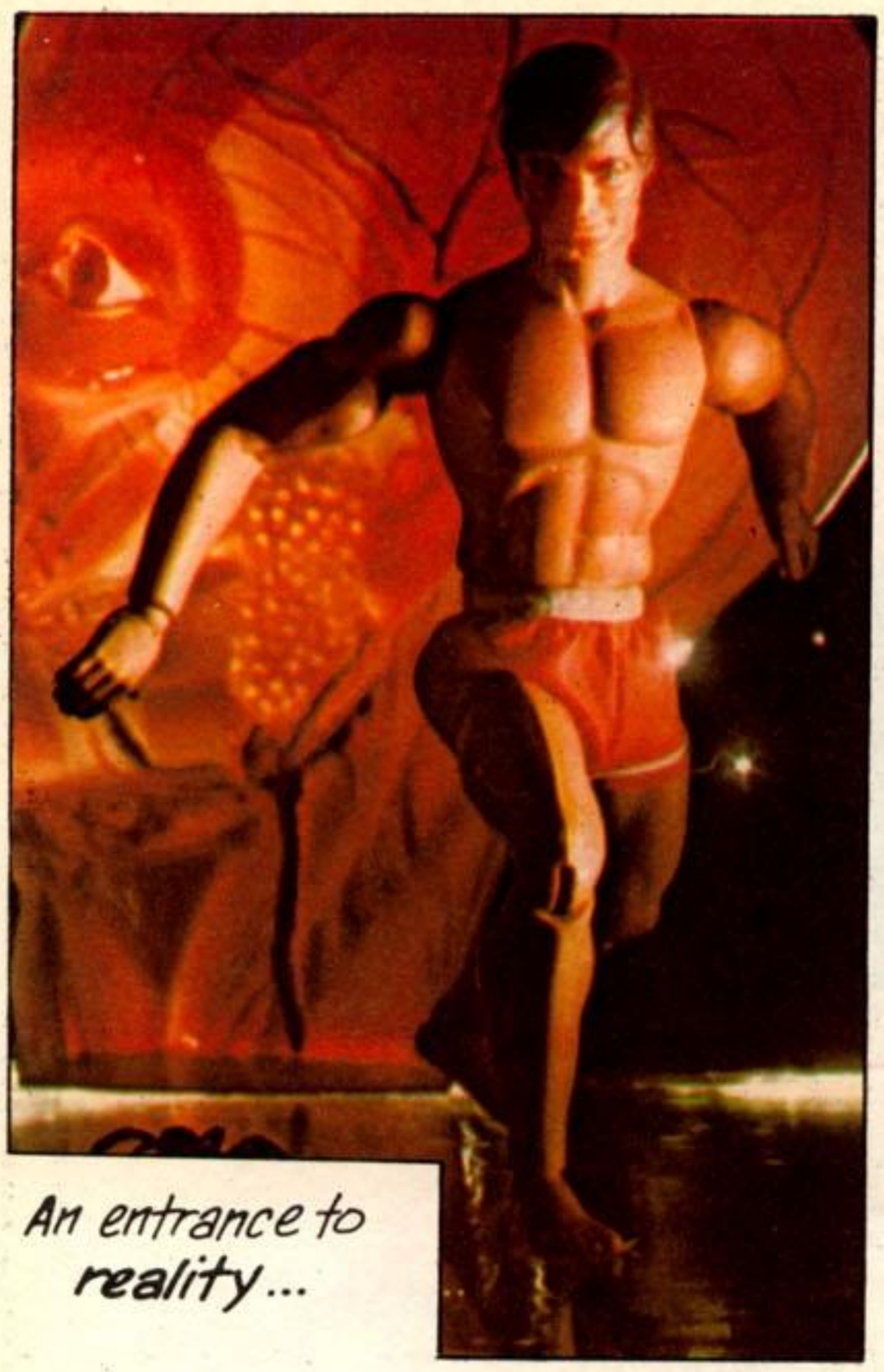


Guided by a visceral **necessity** to **rediscover** his **real universe**, he decided to sink more **profoundly** into his **own fantasies**.

He hoped to arrive at the **ultimate edge**, and there to find a **door**...

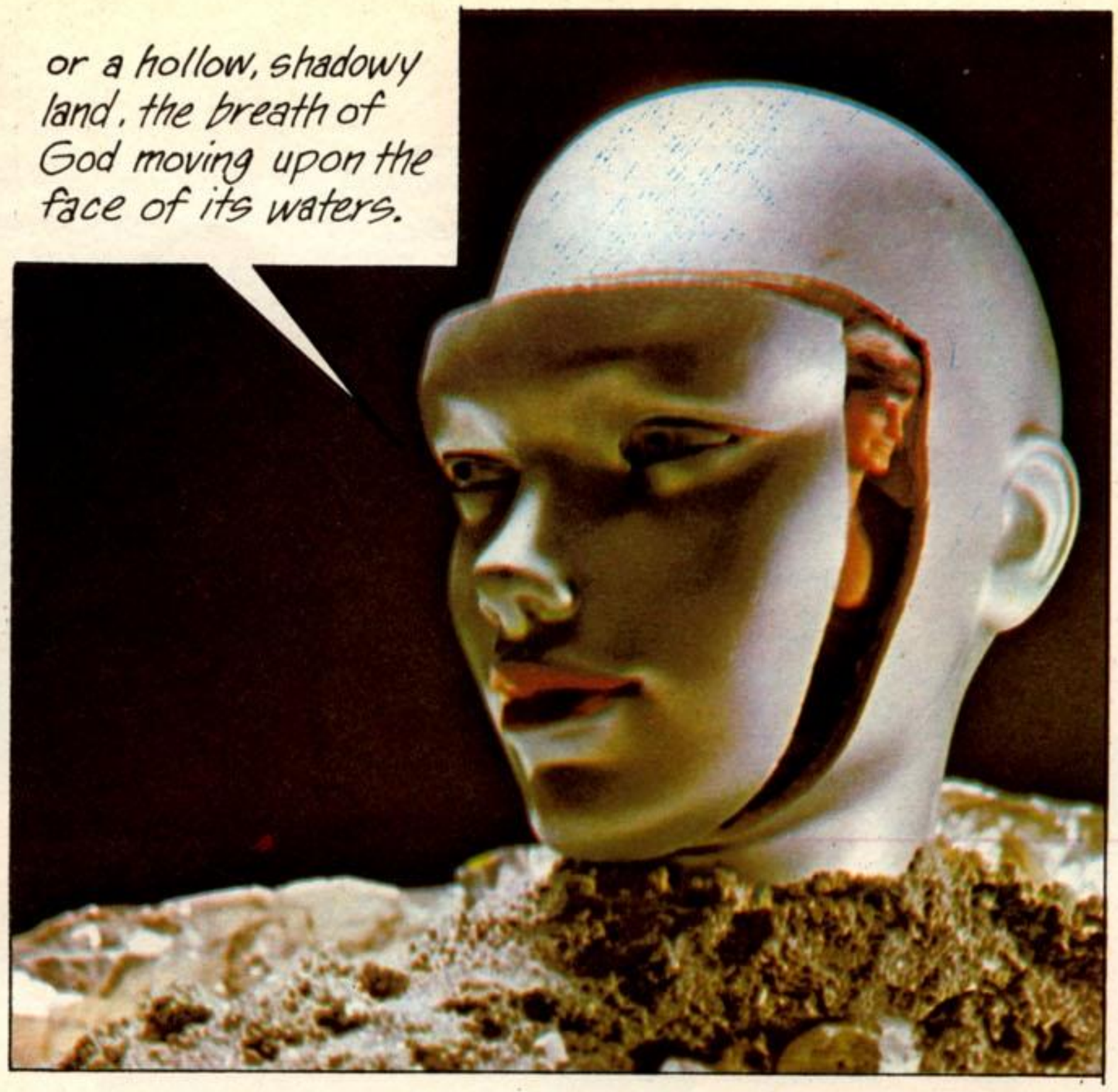
Guided by a visceral **necessity** to **rediscover** his **real universe**, he decided to sink more **profoundly** into his **own fantasies**.

He hoped to arrive at the **ultimate edge**, and there to find a **door**...



An entrance to **reality**...

or a hollow, shadowy land, the breath of God moving upon the face of its waters.



God said, "Let man be made after our image and likeness and have dominion over the fish of the sea and fowl of the air...."

Always following the voice of his **folly**, he ended up in a new place, almost a desert.

IT IS SAID THAT WE SHOULD GO FORTH AND MULTIPLY AND THAT OUR DESCENDANTS SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH!
...And over the beasts, all the wild beasts and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

Thus, in closing the door, he left the old agonies behind him.

Have mercy on us!...

Fin

WHEN POLONIUS DECIDED TO LEAVE THOSE BARREN LANDS, WHERE HE HAD BEEN STRUGGLING TO SURVIVE ALONE IN THE WILDERNESS, HE HESITATED BEFORE TURNING HIS STEPS TOWARDS RU. HE HAD HEARD THE TERRIBLE TALES TOLD ABOUT THAT TOWN... BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE...

POLONIUS

SCRIPT: PICARET ART: TARDI

?

!

?

HEY!

YARK

MUCH LATER, WHEN HE CAME TO HIS **SENSES**, HE FOUND HIMSELF IN **CHAINS**...

ON YOUR FEET!

HERE, **MASTER**, IS THE **SPY** WE **CAPTURED!**

I'M **NOT** A **SPY!**

AARRR

SHUT UP!

IT IS **USELESS** TO ATTEMPT MOVING THE **TRIBUNAL** TO **PITY!**... THE **SENTENCE** IS **FINAL!**

YOU ARE **CONDEMNED** TO LABOR IN THE **QUARRIES** UNTIL YOUR **DEATH!**

THE QUARRIES OF **TWARROG**, THE **PRISON**, THE **HELL** WHERE THEY SENT ALL THE VAGABONDS LIKE **POLONIUS**, ALL WHO HAD THE **MISFORTUNE** TO THINK THAT THERE **MIGHT** BE A PLACE FOR THEM IN **RU**...

UH! UH! UH! UH! UH!

HEY YOU, FAGGOT, MOVE YOUR ASS, YOU SCUM!

UH! UH! UH!

I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE... I ***MUST ESCAPE*** FROM THEM... ***I MUST!*** ESCAPE... ESCAPE AT ANY ***PRICE!***

ONE DAY...

WHO'S ***THAT*** OVER THERE?

GENERAL ***EGYPIOS.*** DON'T STOP ***WORKING.***

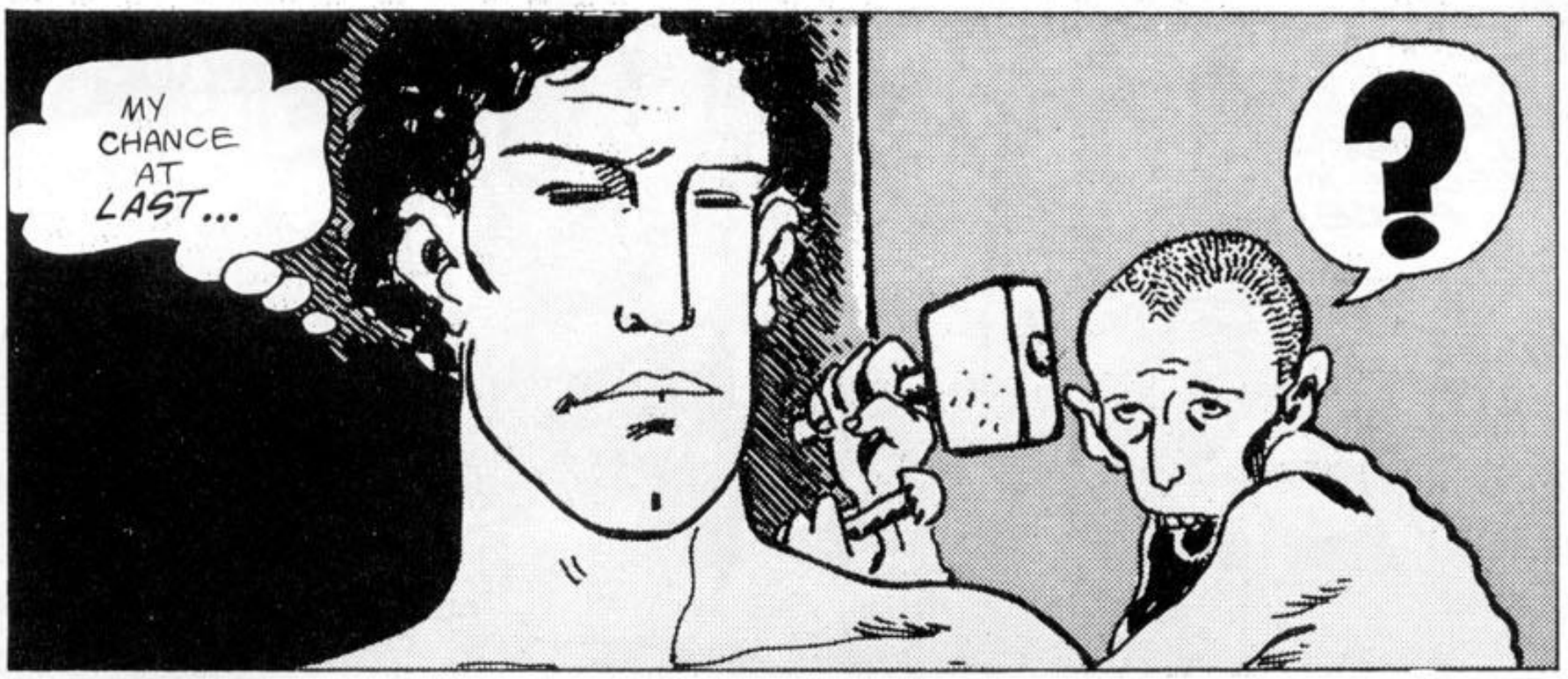
!!!

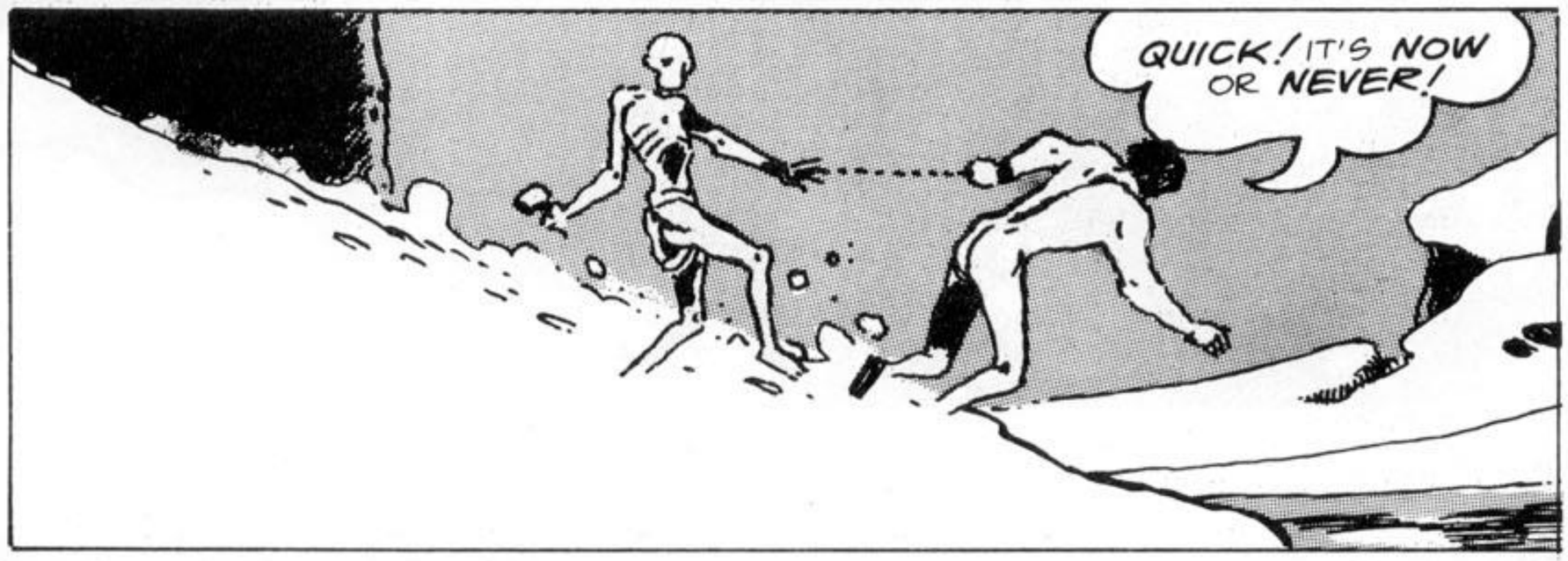
HO!

FFFCHH!!!

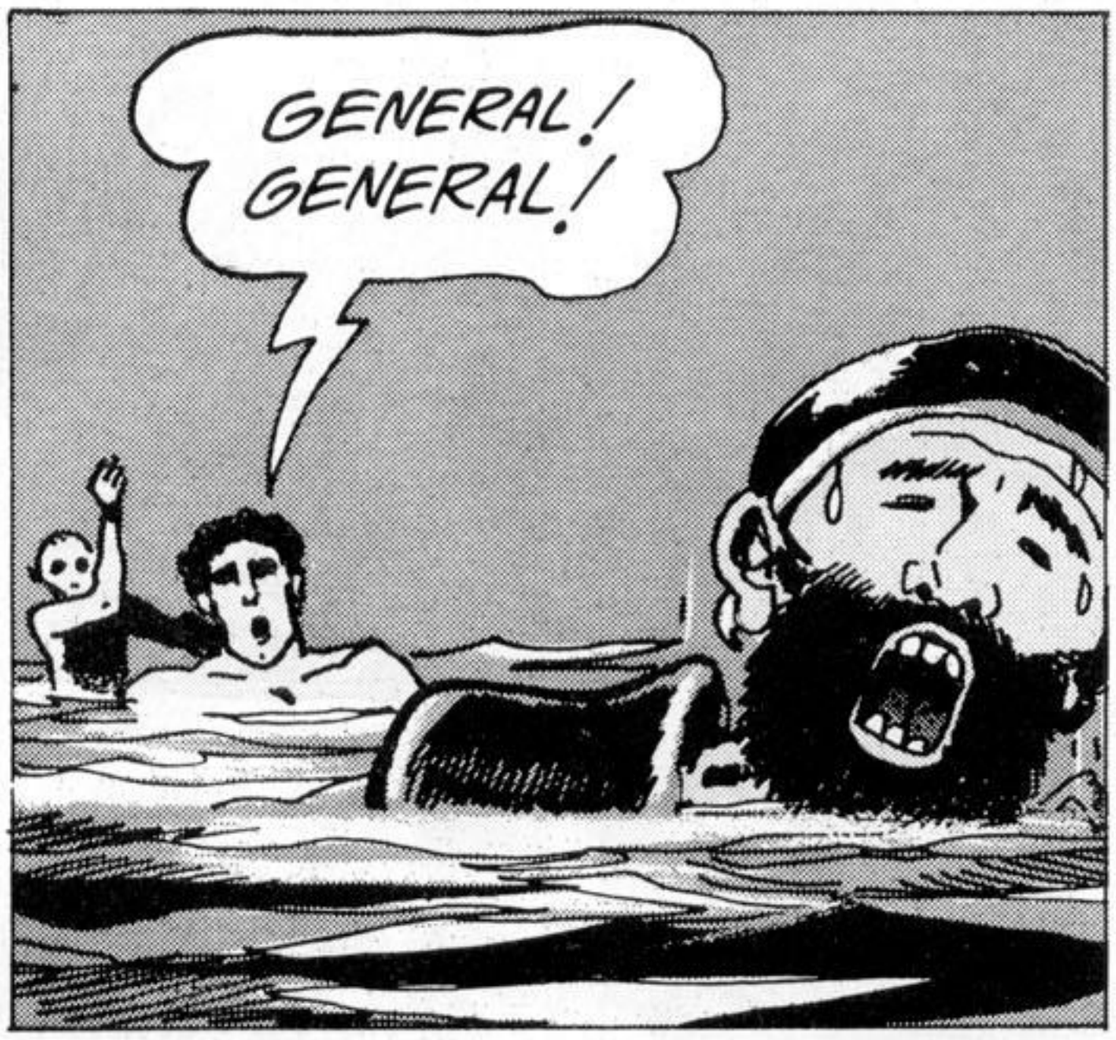
FFF

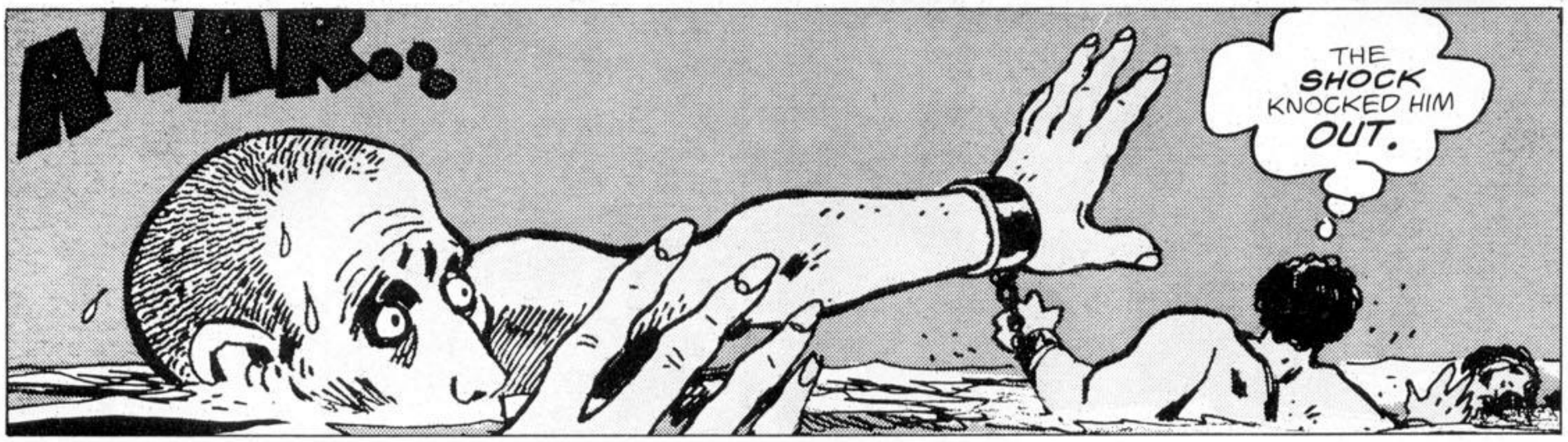
AAA


MY CHANCE AT LAST...
?


QUICK! IT'S NOW OR NEVER!

STOP!
NO WAY!


GENERAL! GENERAL!


AAAR...
THE SHOCK KNOCKED HIM OUT.

I DO NOT WISH TO KNOW **WHY** YOU DID THAT...

BUT WHATEVER THE REASON, I GRANT YOU YOUR **FREEDOM!**

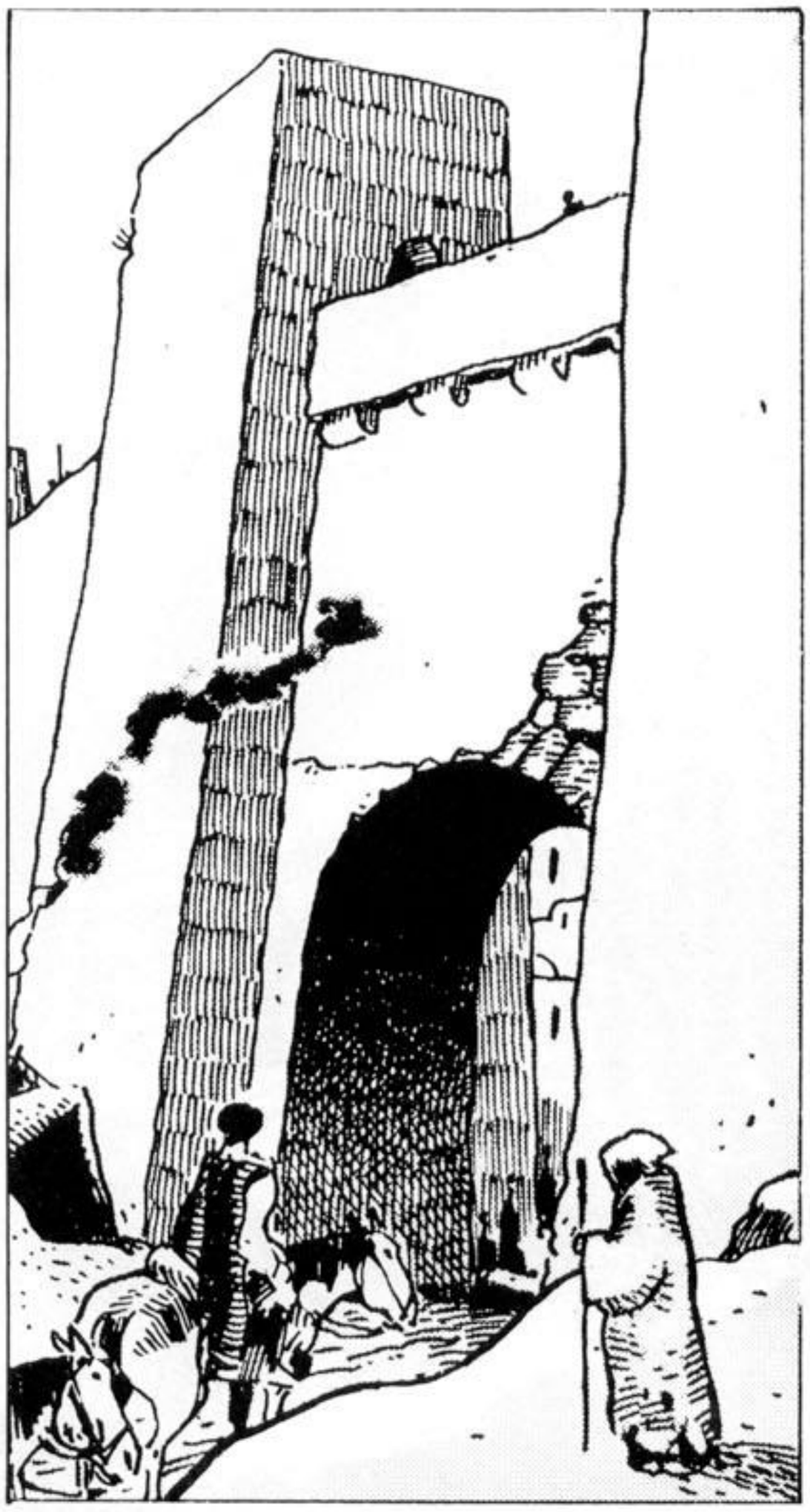
AS FOR YOUR COMPANION...

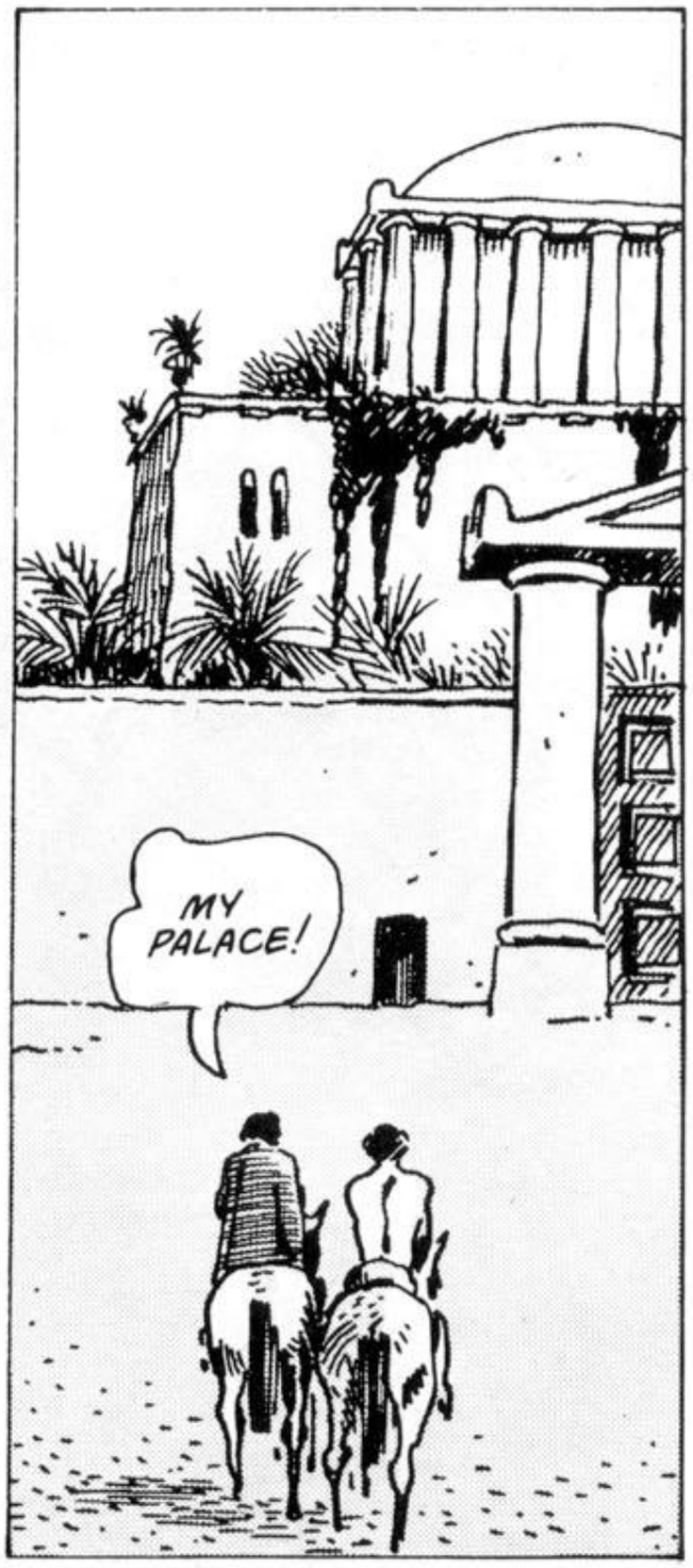
HE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO SWIM.

IN THE **SPRING,** *WHEN* **POLONIUS** *REACHED THE CITY OF* **RU,** *HE WAS UNDER THE* **PROTECTION** *OF* **GENERAL EGYPIOS.**

...AT LAST, THAT **GREAT CITY** *POLONIUS SO DESIRED TO KNOW!*

RU!




MY PALACE!

AS YOU CAN SEE, I LEAD AN EXISTENCE THAT HAS ITS PLEASANT SIDES. I KNOW YOU DO NOT LIKE THIS CITY MUCH, BUT YOU CAN MAKE IT...
TOMORROW WE WILL GO TO THE SLAVE MARKET AND BUY A BEAUTY LIKE THIS FOR YOU.

BUT *WHY* DO YOU LOCK THEM UP HERE LIKE *BEASTS?*...

TO ASK TOO MANY *QUESTIONS* IS TO COMPLICATE LIFE FOR *NOTHING*.

YOU ARE TOO *CURIOUS*, POLONIUS... THESE ONES HERE ARE *BREEDERS*: YOU *PAY* MORE FOR THEM THAN THE *OTHERS*.

THAT ONE SEEMS NICE.

WHAT'S YOUR *NAME?*

EZZULIA...

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER...

?

WHAT IS THAT THING WHICH YOU CONTINUALLY *FONDLE?*

I NEVER *DARED SPEAK* OF IT TO YOU UNTIL *NOW*. IT WAS *CHIMOS* WHO GAVE IT TO ME...

WHAT? YOU *KNOW* THAT CHARACTER? *THAT'S* THE LAST *STRAW!*

HE'S A FOOL!! HE AND HIS *THEORIES* ARE A *JOKE* TO EVERYONE!

PERHAPS, BUT HE IS THE ONLY ONE STILL *SANE* IN THIS CITY OF *FOOLS*.

ENOUGH! IF THIS CITY ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU, YOU CAN *GO BACK* TO YOUR *DESERT!*

LATER THAT NIGHT.

WHY HAS *CHIMOS* ASKED ME TO MEET HIM *HERE* AT THIS *HOUR?*

LOOK, *POLONIUS!* THIS OBJECT IS *IDENTICAL* TO THE ONE *I* GAVE YOU!

THE MAN WHO GAVE ME THESE THINGS CLAIMS THAT THERE ARE ***MANY MORE***, ALL THE IN A PLACE HE ***KNOWS***...

CAN HE ***LEAD*** US THERE?

YES, ACCORDING TO ***HIM***, WE HAVE TO CLIMB THE ***MOUNTAINS*** AND CROSS INTO THE ***DESERT***.

BUT THAT'S A REAL ***EXPEDITION*** TO ORGANIZE...

UNFORTUNATELY, WE CANNOT COUNT ON THE SUPPORT OF ***EGYPIOS***.

WELL THEN, WHO ***CAN*** HELP US? WE NEED ***HORSES AND GUIDES*** TO CROSS THE MOUNTAINS... WE NEED ***MONEY!***

AFTER ***ALL***... AT THIS POINT, THERE IS ONLY ONE THING WE CAN ***TRY***...

?

COMMURGE... PERHAPS?

THE NEXT DAY...

DEAR BOY, LOOK WHO HAS COME TO VISIT HIS EMPEROR.

WHAT CAN I DO YOU FOR, MY DEARS?

COMMURGE, WE HAVE NEED OF YOUR HELP...

MONEY AGAIN, I SUPPOSE...

YES, BUT YOU WILL NOT REGRET IT.

I HOPE NOT!

IT'S FOR ANOTHER OF YOUR LITTLE PROJECTS, ISN'T IT? BUT MY POOR CHIMOS, YOU KNOW THAT THEY COME TO NOTHING!

NO MATTER...

PAY NO ATTENTION TO ALL OF THIS, MY SWEET. YOU LOVE YOUR EMPEROR AND THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS...

HERE IS YOUR MONEY! NOW LEAVE!

HA! HA! HA! IT WILL COME TO NOTHING, CHIMOS... IT WILL COME TO NOTHING...

AFTER A WEEK OF SECRET PREPARATIONS...

IT WOULD TAKE YEARS AND YEARS TO SCOUR THE CORRUPTION OF THIS CITY!

EZZULIA, I'M LEAVING TOMMOROW MORNING.

IT SEEMS TO ME THAT EGYPIOS IS SUSPICIOUS...

THAT MAKES YOU UNEASY?

NOTHING CAN STOP ME FROM CARRYING OUT THIS PLAN!

I KNOW... I KNOW...

DAWN...

HA!

THERE THEY ARE!

MY, AREN'T THEY **ADORABLE**, ALL THOSE FRISKY CAVALRYMEN... AND **THERE'S** LITTLE **POLONIUS** OVER THERE, TOO!

HA!

HA! HA!

WHAT A **PIG!**

DURING THE TIME THAT I SERVED HIM, I GOT USED TO HIM.

HOW CAN YOU HAVE GOTTEN USED TO **THAT?** THE WHOLE CITY OF **RU** IS ROTTEN!

TO BE CONTINUED...

THE GREEN HAND

SCRIPT: ZHA ART: NICOLE CLAVELOUX

SHE LIVED A SIMPLE LIFE IN A DUSTY APARTMENT. SHE SIPPED AN OCCASIONAL GLASS OF **WINE**, SOMETIMES ALONE, SOMETIMES DOWN THE HALL....

A BIRD LIVED THERE, TOO, AND SPENT **HOURS** LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW, INDIFFERENT, BORED.

ONE DAY, SHE DECIDED TO INTRODUCE A LITTLE **VEGETATION** INTO HER LIFE TO GIVE IT SOME **EXCITEMENT**.

HERE!

TELL ME HOW MUCH WATER AND LIGHT IT...

IT'S NO MYSTERY! DO YOU HAVE A GREEN HAND?

GREEN? NO, BUT IT CAN BE ARRANGED...

NO, IT'S A GIFT. YOU HAVE IT OR YOU DON'T.

I'LL TRY.

DON'T WORRY. IT'S VERY SIMPLE!

YOU CAN TALK?

YES!

ON THE WAY HOME, SHE BUYS SOME GREEN DYE...

WITHOUT A WORD, SHE SETS THE PLANT NEAR THE WINDOW.

THEN, SHE SMEARS HER HAND WITH THE DYE AND WAITS UNTIL IT HAS DRIED. SHE IS READY... THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE BEGINS...

I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU.

WHAT?

I'M TALKING TO IT.

TO WHOM?

TO THE PLANT.

NO, LOOK AROUND. IT'S BEHIND YOU.

YOU'RE DAYDREAMING.

OH, THIS GREEN MACHINE?

YOU WON'T BE ALONE ANYMORE WHEN I GO TO WORK. TALK TO IT.

CERTAINLY NOT. WHY SHOULD I?

WHY DO YOU HAVE A GREEN HAND?

TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE PLANT.

RIDICULOUS!

SHE LEAVES AS SHE DOES EVERY DAY FOR THE WAX MUSEUM, WHERE SHE IS A GUIDE. THE MINUTE THE DOOR IS CLOSED, HE LOOKS AT THE GREEN MACHINE...

YOU'RE UGLY.

!?

THAT'S NOT **TRUE**. I LOOK GOOD ENOUGH TO PLEASE HER.

YOU LOOK INERT AND **IMPOTENT**.

IT'S NOT **TRUE**. I HAVE **LOTS** OF **INTUITION**. I'M **VIBRANT**. PERHAPS YOU CAN'T **UNDER-STAND ME?**

INSOLENT. **PRETENTIOUS**. YOU EVEN HAVE **ROOTS**... MYSELF, I'M FREE. **LOOK**.

IF YOU'RE **FREE**, WHY DON'T YOU **FLY?**

MIND YOUR OWN **BEESWAX!**

PLONK! PLONK! PLONK! PLONK!

LEAVE ME IN **PEACE**. I HAVE MY **PHOTOSYNTHESIS** TO DO.

YES. I'LL **BET** YOU DO!

KOF KOF KOF KOF KOF

THAT'S IT. I WAS **SURE** THAT YOU WERE SUCKING UP MY **AIR.**

THERE'S **ENOUGH** AIR TO GO AROUND.

POUIC!

WHY DID YOU DO *THAT* TO ME?

DROP DEAD, YOU TAKE UP TOO MUCH *ROOM*.

HELLO?

ASLEEP?

I LOVE YOU. TELL ME SOMETHING. YOU KNOW I HAVE A *GREEN HAND* FOR YOU.

?!

YOU ARE MY *SWEETHEART*.

PERHAPS, BUT I *HURT* ALL OVER. I'M NOT *MYSELF* ANYMORE...

YOU DON'T LIKE IT HERE?

LEAVE ME. I'M IN A STATE OF FIBROUS DEPRESSION.

AH.

ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER MORNING...

OH LOOK! IT'S AN EMPTY WASTELAND, A REAL DESERT...

I DON'T NOTICE ANYTHING DIF-FERENT OUT THERE.

BUT... ARE THESE CIGARETTE ENDS? A FEATHER? YOU DID IT!

NO, IT WAS SICK, DISEASED, LIKE YOU SAID.

NOT LIKE ME, I'M BIG AND STRONG.

LIKE A STONE!

SENTIMENTALITY GIVES ME THE CREEPS.

I FEEL NOTHING FOR YOU NOW.

THAT'S GOOD, ME NEITHER.

BIRDS ARE ALL ALIKE.

FRIGID BITCH.

GET OUT OF HERE

I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING DESPERATE.

NO, I'M STAYING... YOU GO.

HELLO, WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

THE OTHER SIDE. IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE.

NOT HERE, IT ISN'T.

SHE'S BEAUTIFUL!

AH

I SEE.

IT'S A *RELIGIOUS IVY.*

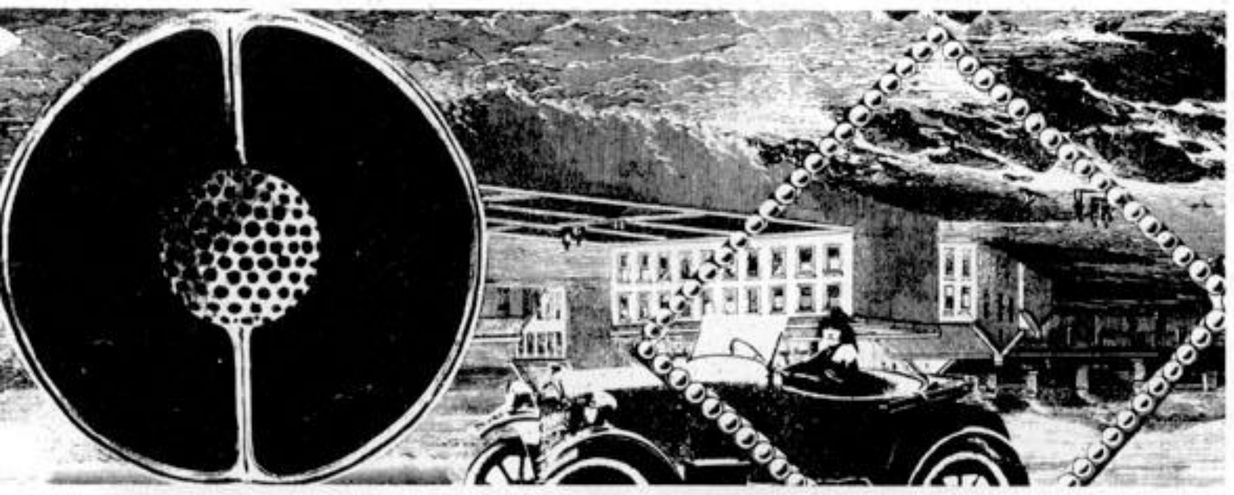
I WOULDN'T RECOMMEND IT FOR YOU.

FÏN

AGE OF AGES

A GOTHIC SCIENCE-FICTION TRIP TO THE APOCALYPSE

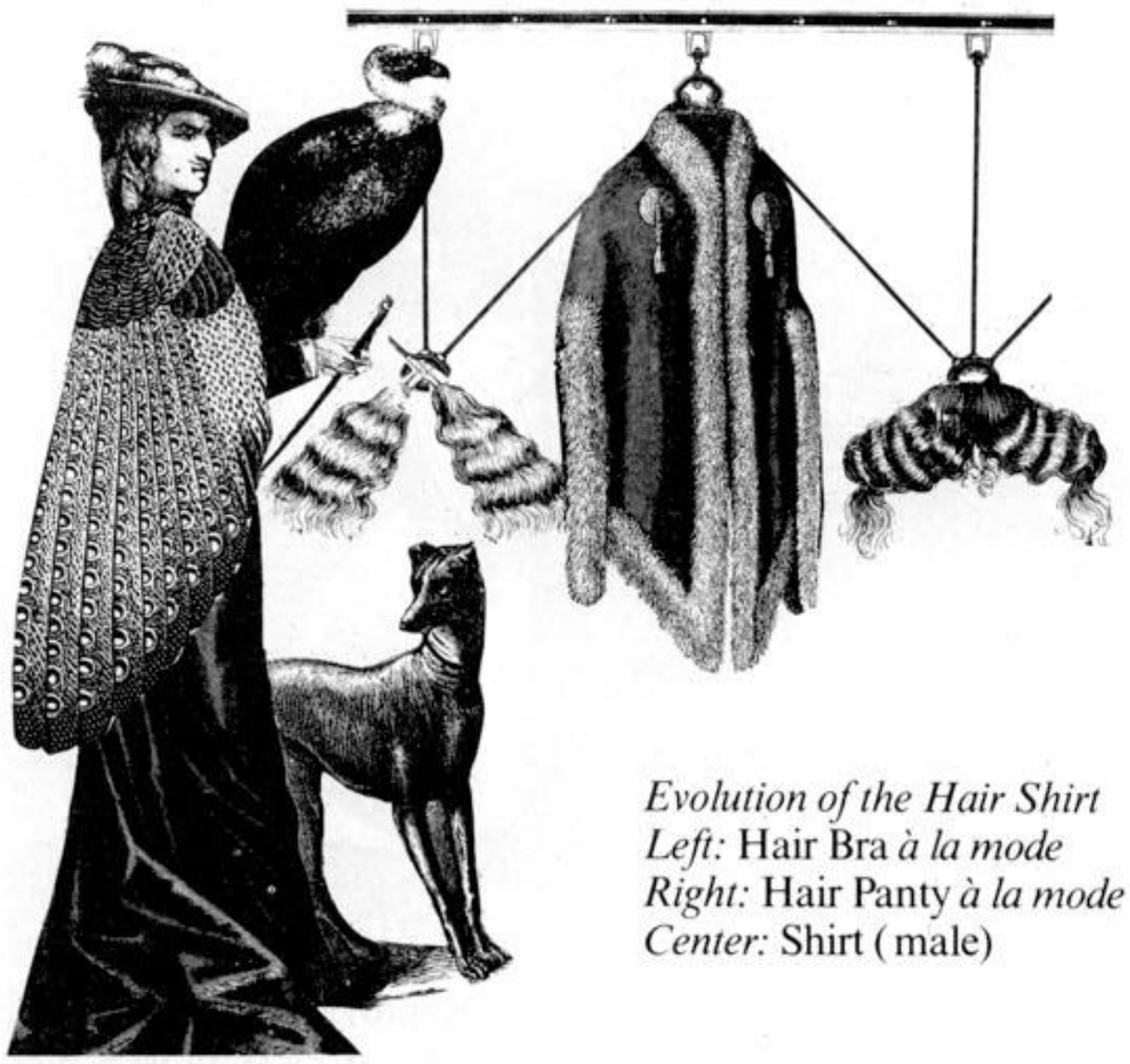
by Akbar Del Piombo Collages by Norman Rubington



Big Brother is defunct, but the nation continues to believe he still governs them. It is Little Sister who holds the reins of power....

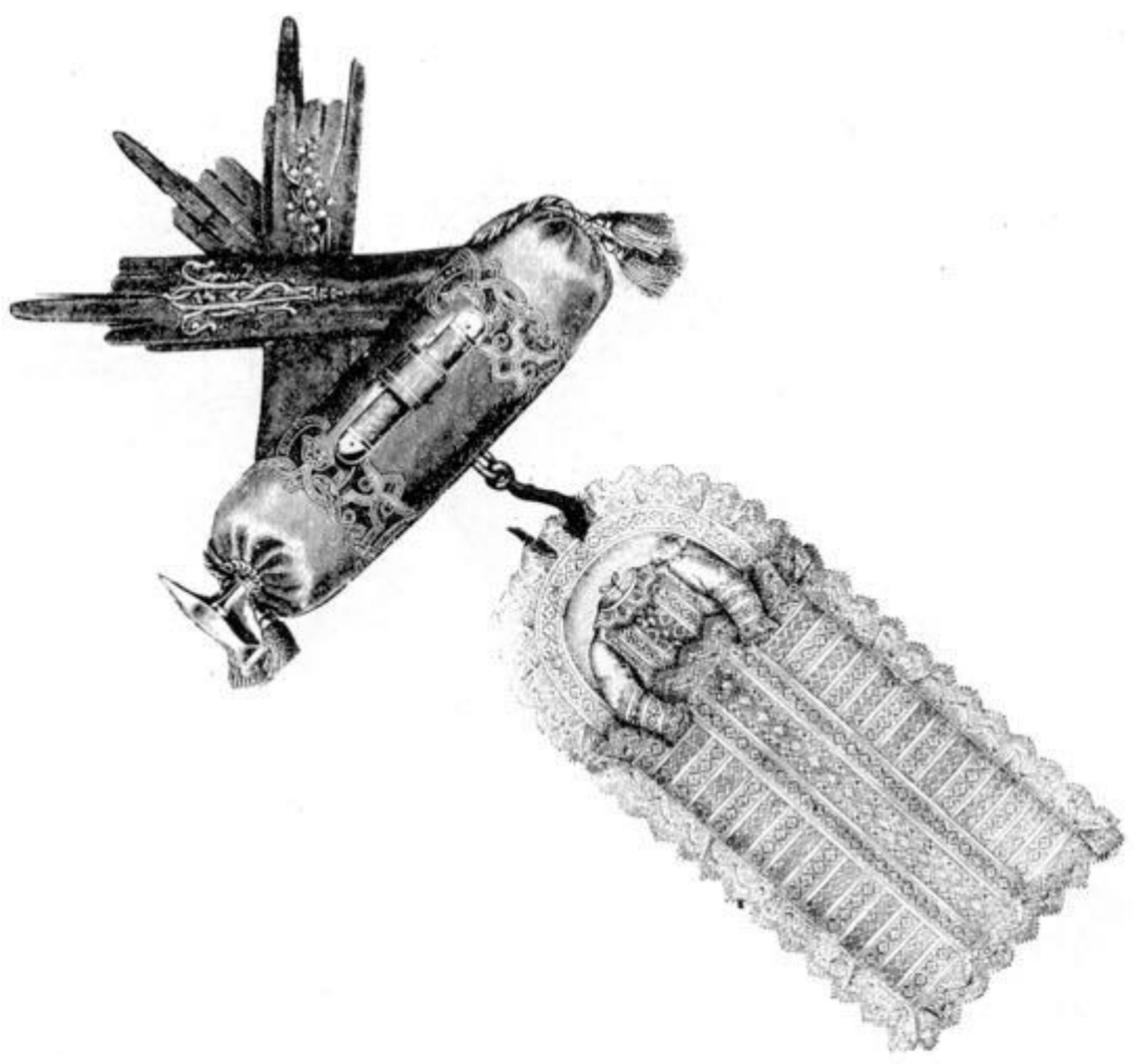
Here we see Melanie Phitts, head of the underground chamber of commerce, surveying the elegant symbols that replace the ugly billboards of the past. They flash their message in electronic waves through depolluted tunnels, beautified with trompe l'oeil murals of pastoral landscapes.

The new secretary of state is the dual personality of dual nationality, Sylvie La Bouche, feminist-occultist of the highest rank. Through her the style evolves, and the Black Arts are not only in, they are *à la mode*....

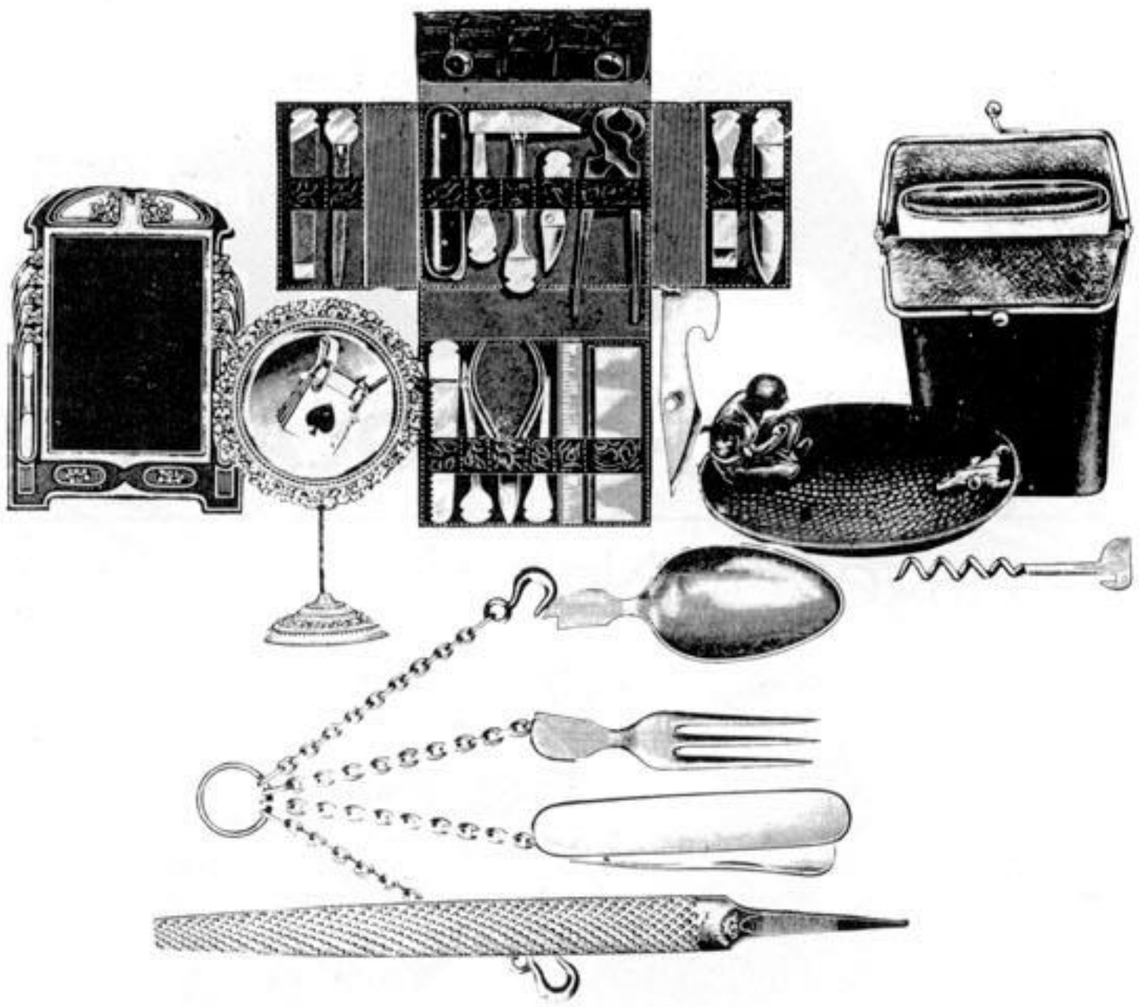


Evolution of the Hair Shirt
Left: Hair Bra *à la mode*
Right: Hair Panty *à la mode*
Center: Shirt (male)

Sylvie's exotic Fifth Avenue boutique sets the tone with her eye-catching nylon sorceress ensemble. The rare bats eyes cape retails at a hefty $5,000. Her hair shirts for penitents lends flair and style to the once painful ritual.



Sylvie's exorcist bag with fetish accessories includes a spirit-rapper, anti demonic cutlery, and a flashy set of "Evil Eye" gloves. A skyhook supports ritual nightgear, also of Gallic inspiration.



Sophistication reaches into the darkest corners, refining the most diabolical practices, as in this compact ensemble of religious hardware—a unique, portable Black Mass.

The dynamic Sylvie inspiration updates older fashions with a bold blend of nostalgia and technology, taking her cue from remade antique cars. The public was startled with her presentation of "erogenous gowns."

Left: Mes Organes, or "My Galaxy," makes foreplay obsolete, thanks to permanent stimulation.

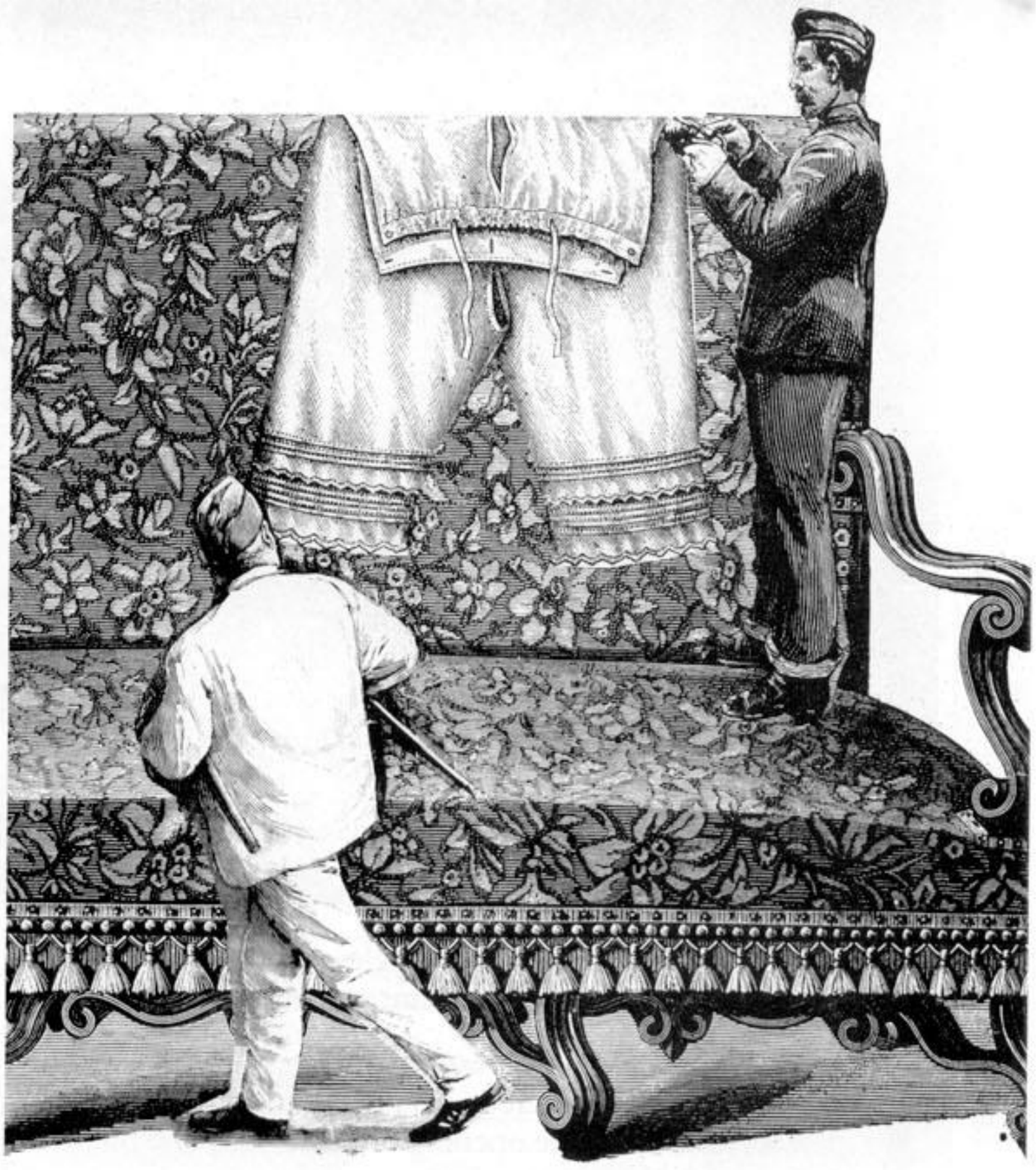
Right: "Me and My Quark" is a narcissistic masterpiece, a sensation with its guaranteed hourly climax.

Shortly, the "Sex-Pak" arrived on the scene, announcing the Age of the Proxy.

The robots of this particular species were soon known as X- rated people, also called traveling bags or slut machines, with the introduction of coin-operated models. Professional hookers were threatened with unemployment....

So it was that with sperm banks to provide for the continuation of the human race, and proxy partners for its sexual pleasure, the centuries-old domination of the male came to its end. Pagan cults came out of the closets in gay processions to celebrate their liberation, bearing in triumph the remains of the vanished species....

Before startled soothsayers, a brazen heathen erects and the alarm is sounded...the Whore of Babylon is back!



Lair of the Titan Goddess ... also known as the seat of the beast. Monks of the new order prepare her wardrobe for an inaugural feast.

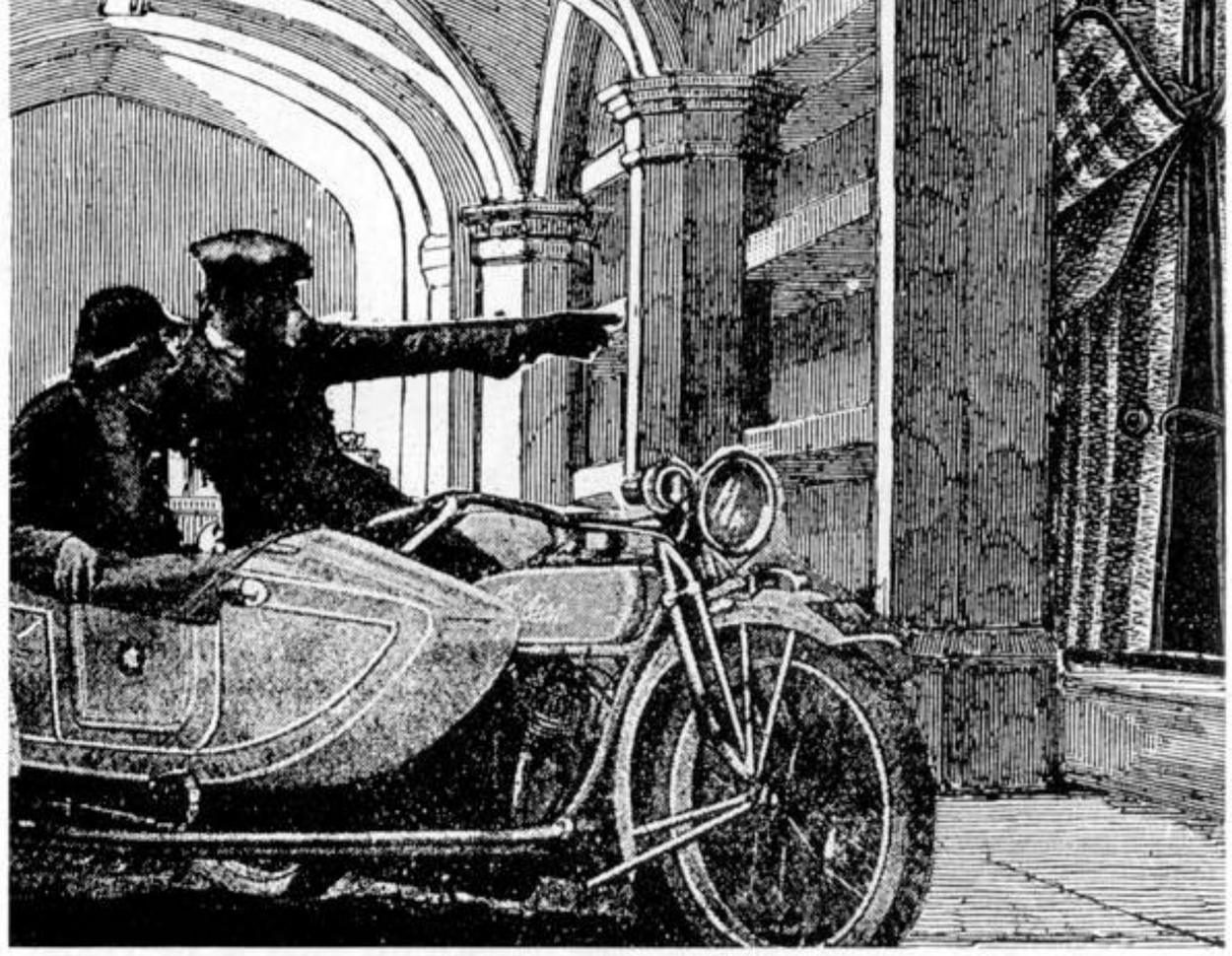
Paganism was nothing new for teenagers, but their idols had changed. A young witch smuggles a dismantleable Golden Calf (deceptively poised as an infant basket case) into a Rock and Rites Concert for clandestine worship.

CULTS (Cont.) Pagan, Esoteric, Etc.
Below: Phallic altar exhibited by First Church of Sodom. Contains various oracle devices, simple fetishes, and divinatory items, besides erectile candelabra for active worship.

In desperation, the high church struggles against these deviants to get back in fashion...but they are a dying breed....

These new concepts altered every phase of life, as was dramatically shown in the opening of the Al Capone museum (he was now recognized as a national hero). Schoolchildren recited his famous saying, "The American system of ours, call it what you like, gives each and every one of us a great opportunity, if we only seize it with both hands and make the most of it."

Here we see a guided tour admiring the great man's wardrobe....



Suddenly, the automated society is rocked with an eerie crime. Few were willing to believe the startling claim of the rape victim that she had been deflowered by a hyperactive trash can. What had gotten into the self-disposal system to make it act irrationally?

And now to our hero, Sir Edwin Fuzz, cognizant of all these developments and painstakingly conducting his investigations....Disguised as a visiting clergyman, he attends an explosive séance that has made contact with an otherwordly macho spirit, crying its warning against the decadent influences tearing the country apart....Of this Sir Edwin is well aware, but the mystery is as dense as ever...who or what are these forces?

To be continued...

Here's your ticket to Rock & Roll

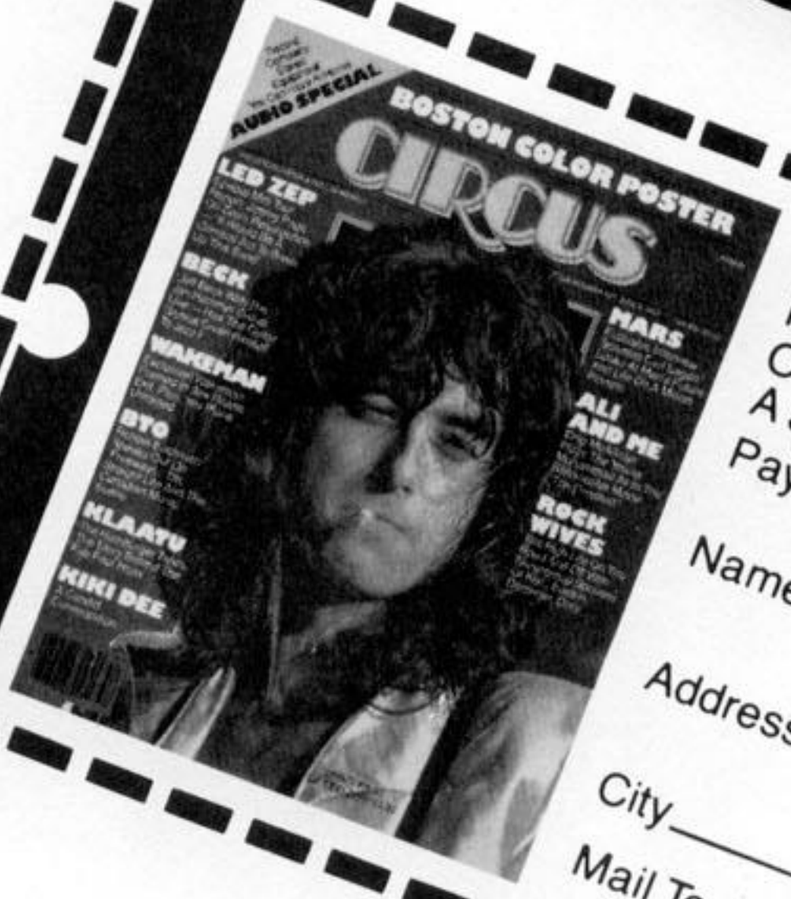


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Illustration by George Barr

Our Own Little Mardi Grass

Excerpted from the forthcoming novel, Space War Blues, by Richard A. Lupoff.

Published by Dell Books.

Space War Blues is finally going to be published. And as far as author Richard A. Lupoff is concerned, it's about time, damnit! It was over ten years ago, in the early months of 1967, that he first wrote an outline and three chapters for a science fantasy novel based on some ideas he'd been kicking around in his head for a number of year. After peddling the proposal to two publishers without success (they thought his idea hopelessly unmarketable, though terribly fascinating), he showed it to Harlan Ellison, who was in the process of editing his second huge, experimental anthology, Again, Dangerous Visions. *Harlan loved the outrageous flavor of the proposal, and asked if Dick could write it in 25,000 words. Lupoff, always an obliging fellow, obliged,and by the time the monster was done it had grown to 38,000 words—a long novella, unwieldy but magnificent for Harlan's purposes, but still too short for a novel.*

Before A, DV *was actually published, Lupoff's agent, Henry Morrison, showed the manuscript to Gail Wendroff, then Dell's editor in charge of science fiction. She loved it, asked Dick to elongate it by 10,000 words, and the world looked bright for what was then titled tentatively* The New Alabama Blues. *When it came time for* A, DV *to be published, however, Dell got nervous. With the publication of the novella (titled* With the Bentfin Boomer Boys on Little Old New Alabama), *Dell was afraid of the competition this slightly shorter edition of their novel would make for their own book. The question of timing couldn't be resolved; Lupoff and Dell parted ways.*

After A, DV *was published, and Lupoff's novella was nominated for a Nebula Award by the Science Fiction Writers of America, Dell became interested again, and this time actually went to contract in March, 1974. Then Dell cut back its science fiction program, and Lupoff kept working while the book lay fallow at Dell. He wrote three additional short stories, making the original 38,000 words into a robust 64,000-word novel. Two of the three stories have, in their time, been nominated for Nebula Awards or Hugo Awards, the latter conferred by a vote of readers of science fiction. Meanwhile, Dell began publishing its backlog of science fiction inventory. Nobody knew quite how to handle the book. Should it be a collection of related tales? A novel? Something else?*

Finally, over ten years after the original conception, and fully four years after contract, having run through three Dell SF editors and having outlasted seven other novels written by Dick Lupoff since he penned the original proposal for what would eventually become Space War Blues, *the novel will be published in January, 1978. Unless the world ends in a bizarre and untimely fashion before then, the full masterpiece will be unveiled before a shocked and outraged world.*

They dropped away from Port Upatois in the shuttle, Leon clutching the railing around his couch for support, knowing that his face was ash-white and streaked with perspiration, his hands shaking and stomach heaving, the ringing in his ears and pressure of his sinuses overpowering.

It was a pleasure.

It was always a pleasure to get away from deep-space craft. This time, he and his military aide had been hustled through their reception at the orbiting station and loaded directly onto the shuttle craft that was taking them to the surface of the planet. For Pineda, the only pleasure that exceeded the relative solidity of the shuttle craft was the anticipation of setting foot on the planet itself, even though it was going to be New Alabama.

He felt himself gradually relaxing, the knot in his intestines smoothing itself out, the pressure within his head gradually diminishing, his heaving breaths becoming steadier and more relaxed, a pleasant intake of nourishing air instead of the desperate gasps provoked by his body's irrational response to deep space conditions.

He wiped his brow with a huge pocket kerchief, jammed it away again, and turned to look at his aide. Guardsman Brigadier Foch-Giraud sat on his own couch as if posing for an official portrait, his scarlet tunic gleaming and uncreased, the thread-of-gold *fourragère,* frogging and shoulder boards impeccable, his trousers creased to perfection, and boots shined to an incredible luster.

"You understand the situation below?" Pineda asked Foch-Giraud.

"Mr. Pineda, of course."

"Well, tread lightly on this planet. There isn't another black man on the planet. They regard all blacks as brutes and fiends, their automatic enemies. You have to show them otherwise."

"I understand, Mr. Pineda."

Leon grunted. Perhaps so, perhaps Foch-Giraud would perform admirably. Still, he wished that he had been consulted both on the basic strategy he was called upon to implement, and on the selection of his military aide. He was far from certain that Foch-Giraud made a good object lesson for N'Ala.

The conversation lapsed — as it usually did with the Brigadier. Foch-Giraud, somehow, seldom seemed to have a great deal to say on any subject. A dialog with him tended quickly to degenerate into labored speech on one side and dull inattention on the other.

It was a relief when the shuttle skidded to rest on a long, red-dirt runway at the New Alabama Spacerine Fort Sealy Mae, to debark and look around for N'Loozy's ambassador to N'Alabama. Leon stood with Foch-Giraud at his side, drinking in the bright morning of Letohatchie township.

The sun of N'Alabama, Alquane, was a giant disk in the sky. Intrinsically cooler and dimmer than N'Loozy's or N'Ghana's primaries, it served its sole inhabited planet equally well as a result of N'Alabama's closer orbit. The re-

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sult was a day star that seemed to dominate the sky by its sheer size, but that provided no more overall light or heat than men were accustomed to wherever they chose worlds to populate.

The shuttle was tractored to an unloading ramp and Leon started down the ramp, Foch-Giraud at his elbow and half a stride behind. A small party of greeters stood nearby. One of them, a tall, slim woman of Pineda's age, detached herself and strode to the end of the ramp, clasping Leon's hand as his foot touched N'Alabamian soil.

"Pineda," the woman said, "right on schedule." Her eyes flickered from Leon's face to Foch-Giraud, then back. *Sotto voce*, she added, "Is the secretary completely unhinged? Are you trying to get us all lynched by the damned loonies?"

"Everything for a purpose, Adrienne," Leon replied softly. "Madame Ambassador, may I present my military aide, Planetary Guardsman Brigadier Foch-Giraud. Brigadier, our ambassador to New Alabama, Madame Adrienne de Pauger."

They shook hands. Then, with a loaded glance at Leon, the ambassador escorted them the few paces to the greeting party. She introduced Leon and Foch-Giraud to the N'Alabamian foreign secretary and to Milburn Mitchum, mayor of Letohatchie.

The N'Alabamians exchanged handclasps with Leon, looked at each other in puzzlement, waited while the foreign secretary and Adrienne de Pauger conducted a whispered exchange, and then gingerly shook hands with Foch-Giraud.

They climbed into an oversize groundcar, and the driver sped off down a red rut road that led from the spaceport and Fort Sealy Mae to the town of Letohatchie itself.

"Ah unnerstan' we pulled you away fum your Mardi Grass celebration," the mayor of the town drawled, leaning half over his seat toward Leon. He pronounced the words *Mardi Grass.*

"More urgent business, Mr. Mayor." Leon replied. "A small enough sacrifice."

"Wal, mebbe your ambassador'll show you aroun' our town some. Miz Adrienne is the belle of the diplomatic corps hereabouts, you know. And we're mighty proud of our town, you know. Why, you might say we've got our own little Mardi Grass right here in Leto every night of the year."

Leon looked at Adrienne de Pauger, then replied to the mayor. "I'm sure that would be most delightful. But perhaps I will be tied up with preparations for the conference. Just an old stick in the embassy, I'm afraid."

"Ah, well, it does start tomorrah. Well, you'll have a good time here, Mr. Pineda. We're mighty proud of our town."

"I'm certain your pride is fully justified."

They rolled past rows of scrub vegetation and flatland trees, the wheels of the car kicking up billowing clouds of red dust from the dirt road. The windows of the car were sealed to keep the grit out, but by the time they reached Letohatchie and the car pulled up at a ramshackle wooden building, Leon felt the perspiration on his brow turn to thin mud with the admixture of red dust. His eyes itched and his clothing was dirty. The others in the car seemed in little better shape except for Foch-Giraud, who climbed out, dusted himself briefly, and seemed to resume the impeccable parade order he had displayed since their first meeting.

"Our embassy, Leon," Adrienne said. "You've never been here before?"

Leon shook his head. "I've seen worse, believe it or not."

The greeters made their farewells and the car pulled away, presumably heading back to await another shuttle from Port Upatois. As the vehicle moved off, Leon could read Mayor Mitchum's lips as he repeated his phrase about Letohatchie's own little Mardi Grass.

They went inside the building. Foch-Giraud was shown to his quarters, Leon accompanying Adrienne to a small office where they sat down and opened Leon's briefcase to spread working papers over a desk top.

"The conference convenes tomorrow," Adrienne remarked. "Do we need more time to prepare?"

Leon shook his head. "We're set. The President and the secretary have set policy, with which I fully agree. I hauled our military peacock through Accra and showed him to President Moshi-Nzima. We're well established there. Jekki will howl when we announce our support for Governor Youngerman, our embassy in Accra will have some paint splashed on it, and the N'Ghanaians will issue a frostily proper expression of regret over the incident, coupled with a sizzling condemnation of our tilt.

"But nothing will happen."

Adrienne nodded. "Well, if you have full confidence." She offered Leon a drink; he asked for tea, and Adrienne ordered a pot. Then, "How are the things that matter going? How is Sophie? How is D'Arcy?"

Leon brightened and told Adrienne the news. "All unofficial, of course. D'Arcy is keeping her secret."

Adrienne took Leon's hands in hers and squeezed them.

There was a pounding on the door. Adrienne opened it and Brigadier Foch-Giraud entered the room. "Don't wish to interrupt you," he said, "but have we plans for the evening? I really would like to see Letohatchie and the perpetual Mardi Gras the mayor spoke of."

Adrienne de Pauger sighed and said, "I'll arrange an escort for you, Brigadier. N'Alabama's most famous exotic dancer is performing in Letohatchie currently. You may enjoy her act."

Spangspot shot emcee disappears room is all dark a moment sound of rustling here m there surprising shrill giggle from one nearby table rustle too from center floor (emcee departing?) sudden drumroll from blackskin set (rhythman must really love his work *pang* and a *whang!)* fanfare on heculan headbone horn and maracas rattle new spangspot *pows* on and somebody's init:

:Miss Merriass Markham a zoftic miss must be pure N'Ala blood but spangspot color is...?...bluegreen gruebleen gives her skin sheen (all glistered) unnatural coloration (bad taste that) standing at attention quivering salute.

What she wear? Tight brazeer on big big bosom, too tight, flesh welts above and below, must be shall we say, ah, uncomfortable for the poor leddy Miss Merriass Markham, cinched in back, bright bruegleen brazeer looks like rubber (?!) two highly attractive cutouts large pink (?) aureoles (howcinya *tell* in this light?) protruberent nips pazowie that must tingle it's too tite see the red (this lite?) line below nothing on her belly but a wee bit would you say protruberent (pregnant?) actually kind of voluptuous (think of that belly belly-to-belly with your belly – a navel orgasm?) and tights, shorts that is, same blue squeezing gluebreen rubberlooking oh! holdin that roundbottom Miss Merriass run your mind past that behind my! what a lotch of crotch mmmm! *he* liked that thought *whooeeee!* Miss Markham

he gave Gordon Lester Wallace III & Freddie a hand-squeeze apeez watching Miss Merriass Markham stand all a-tremble with patriotic fervor as the three-man band struck up by damn, suh! *Dixie* and in a couple beats Miss Markham *began:*

:quivering for *real* in time to that glorious tune her proud patriotic ass slamming slidewaze in tune to bump-bump-bump-bubu-bump-bump-bumbump feet planted proudly on that fine N'Alabamian wooden floor knees apart m bent her arms extended forward toward the audience and quivering quivering in time to the stirring strains of that glorious old tune soon she began to work her hips her hair (glorious golden waves sweeping over softwhite shoulders the kind of tyke a soul has to like her daddy must be proud to grab a handful of *that* stuff) swaying too in time and rock that pelvis hey (are we sufficiently discreet do you think?) all day.

He took a drink of golden smooth Jack Daniels sipping whiskey bless the old land N'Alabama's soul must be in there somewhere the patriotic air slammed to a close with Miss Merriass Markham slamming a backbend (she was lithe) hands on floor behind her feet hot in the spangspot allover wet salty sweat the audience cheering to a man (no ladies *visible* in the audience but do you ever really *know?)* venting pure patriotic fervor m appreciation of artistry. Mmm?

He took a Gordon Lester Wallace III and Freddie shoulder in each hand, shook companionship. – Here – he said to GLWIII&F – want know where I take you? Here for a last night in Leto –

Gordon Lester Wallace III and Freddie expressed appropriate impressedness. Now, wouldn't you?

Emcee was back on the floor now waving arms up and down fingers splayed his warsurp grays (plain buttons of course, and definitely no bentfin boomer) looking darkwetter where they'd looked darkwet before the spangspot had changed back no more bleegruen yellowbrown now on him (went nicely with his plastered blond hair one might suggest) grinning broadly his fat face but keeping his teeth clenched and making little folding-unfolding motions at the waist and neck (bowing? nodding?) –Thank you thank you ladies and gentlemen – he said (no ladies visible in audience but did you *know?)* –Miss Merriass Markham will be back momentarily I'm sure you want to see more of her much much more (snicker) and I'm sure she wants you to see more of her so in just one moment after everyone has had a chance to refresh himself for a moment –he stopped lights came back on in the room the emcee disappeared but:

:he remained at fakewood table with Jack Daniels (reserve quality) and companionship. – That all? – asked Gordon Lester Wallace III and Freddie. – That all? Thought she was stripper. This our last night, maybe, on N'Ala, thought we'd get some satis damn faction not a tease.–

– Wait – he said. – Looko there – pointing, table across floor had five men, three sitting, two standing, standing two looked alike, short, fatties, blond hair plastered over each *left* eye, two more *sitting* at table, one tall, palepalepale, feminishly looking, agitatedly moving jiggling up and down in fakewood seat, clutching at arm of companion *who:*

:he looked again, touble-daking not for faking, coulda swore bah gore, mushy bin weirdo lights in here coz thato cato niz fancy what kind of luna damn tickle uni damn form coulda sworeez black, black, jussa bigra nigra as in Miss Merriass Markham zupposie havenerack but:

:the third bird haveya heard medium size chubby man gray hair lay across table arms on table wearing nondescript business (looked like) suit not moving drink spilled across table washing face in booze (o dream, dream, to bathe in JD Sippin Grade) from nondescript medium sized chubby jacket backet covered nondescript nocolor business suit (looked) protruded what appeared toobie dagger handle he was (to coin a phrase) turned off.

Two fat shorties (short fatties) lifted nondescript medium sizer carted him from table disappeared into unknown preserves trailed by tall skinny ladylookin fella & splendo-uniformed can you, can you possibly, can you possibly be*lieve* a nigra both um bobbing agitatedly.

– So? – G etc. said.

– Tomorrow – he replied. – Ueebee gone, orders for... wanta guess, Gordon and so on? Try? Where? More training work? Not likely. Offplanet, hey, by by N'Bama hey. Where do you think?–

– ? –

– Deepspace? Vacbattle papadocs ready to board? Killanigra once a day gyrene hasta earn his pay. Ready to invade N'Haiti? –

–Mmm. –

– Think the warle spread? N'Anguilla? N'Azteca? N'Tonga?–

–N'Haiti probably. Deepspace on a hotter don't think sarge? –

– Mmm. Drink y'booze. – He gestured again. The empty table where the two men had sat and two stood was empty not now. – ! –

Bandback *brrrm, c'chkkkk,* sound of heculan headbone horn, lights down spangspot on emcee again waving arms as ever moving mouth – Thank you ladies (do you *know?),* gentlemen Miss Merriass Markham and assistant will now present a patriotic pageant in honor of N'Alabama her glorsy spacerines –sound of applause in room audible through thick smoke also sound in one corner – no no yes oh – (do you know for *sure?)* spangspot off emcee rustle movement in dark and a *pow:*

:light back on babypinkspot playing on golden curls Miss Merriass Markham strolling in center lowcut *low*cut frilly gown tightfitting cloth begins just above nipple showing pink circle protruberence through cloth every *pore* by bang tight waist and flaring skirt hooped out and ribbons frills to furgem *floor* –Sheet! – loud voice from dark room shuff mumbles Miss Merriass Markham only smiles in circle *as:*

:second spotlight pangs on edge of floor shows a nigra brute Gordon Lester Wallace III and Freddie and even he do double take – Ha? – but no, look, he's white only daubed, daubed, could they pay *you* to trick out as a coon buck? *You?* How much?

Sheeh, one never knows, does he?

Fake coon in a red red spotlight Miss Merriass Markham prances to and fro looking ever whichaway but not at him he inches up on her audience tense and silent inch there's some quiet tense music how can the headbone horner concentrate inch up on that symbol of pure surn lily lady parasol over shoulder gloves over elbows and the nigra:

:pounces from behind drags Miss Merriass Markham to him black black dirty she screams he bats parasol clatters

Continued on page 96

THE COINCIDENCE

ALRIGHT THEN, DON'T! IT'S YOUR TOUGH LUCK, OLD MAN!

INSTRU

DIRECTO

KAF!

HEY, PROF, SINCE YOUR LAST WIFE DIED YOU HAVEN'T BEEN YOURSELF. YOU OUGHTA GET HITCHED AGAIN, QUICK!

NO, I THINK NOT. TODAY'S YOUNG WOMEN ARE SO HARD, SO... MASCULINE!

WELL, IT'S TRUE THAT SINCE THEY GOT EQUAL RIGHTS, SOME OF THEM ARE PRETTY HARD TO TAKE...

COME ON, LET'S GO SEE PROF. HEINMAL. MAYBE HE CAN CHANGE YOUR MIND.

PROFESSOR ZWEYHOUND! BOBBY! COME ON UP!

HOW'S THAT TIME MACHINE OF YOURS COMING ALONG?

IT'S ALL READY!

THERE IT IS!

AND WHO'S TO BE THE LUCKY SUBJECT?

MY DOGGIE!

POOR LITTLE GUY!

NO NEED FOR THAT, PROF. HEINMAL.

I'LL GO IN HIS PLACE!

I'M NOT...

A DOG IS WORTH SOMETHING...

I'M JUST AN OLD MAN WHO HAS NOTHING LEFT TO LIVE FOR.

"I FOUND IT ALL TOO EASY TO CONVINCE PROF. HEINMAL."

THERE'S STILL TIME TO CHANGE YOUR MIND! THERE'S NO ASSURANCE WE CAN BRING YOU BACK!

LET'S GO, I'M READY!

TO THE GREATER GLORY OF SCIENCE!

CLAK!

"THE TRIP BEGAN... THE PRESENT **DISSOLVED**... BLURRED VISIONS, VAGUE FORMS... BLINDING LIGHT... IT DIDN'T TAKE **LONG** TO TRAVEL THE 40 OR 50 YEARS HEINMAL AND I HAD AGREED UPON..."

OOOOPS!

OH!

"I FOUND MYSELF IN **BED** WITH A CHARMING YOUNG WOMAN!"

WHEW! GOOD DAY!

MY NAME IS JOK ZWEYHOUND... I COME FROM THE **FUTURE**...

MY NAME IS **MARIANNE!**

"MARIANNE... LIKE MY **MOTHER**... IT WAS **LOVE** AT **FIRST SIGHT**..."

"AS SEVERAL WEEKS PASSED, I REALIZED THAT HEINMAL WAS **UNABLE** TO BRING ME **BACK**..."

WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?

NOTHING AT ALL...

HA! HA! HA!

"SOON I HAD FORGOTTEN **WHERE** I HAD COME FROM, AND **WHEN**... I WAS HAPPY, **TRULY HAPPY** FOR THE **FIRST TIME** IN MY LIFE."

150 YEARS OF ROCK 'N' ROLL IN 3-D

"... AND THEN SHE TOLD ME SHE WAS **PREGNANT**. WE DECIDED TO KEEP THE CHILD."

OH! JUST FEEL HIM KICK!

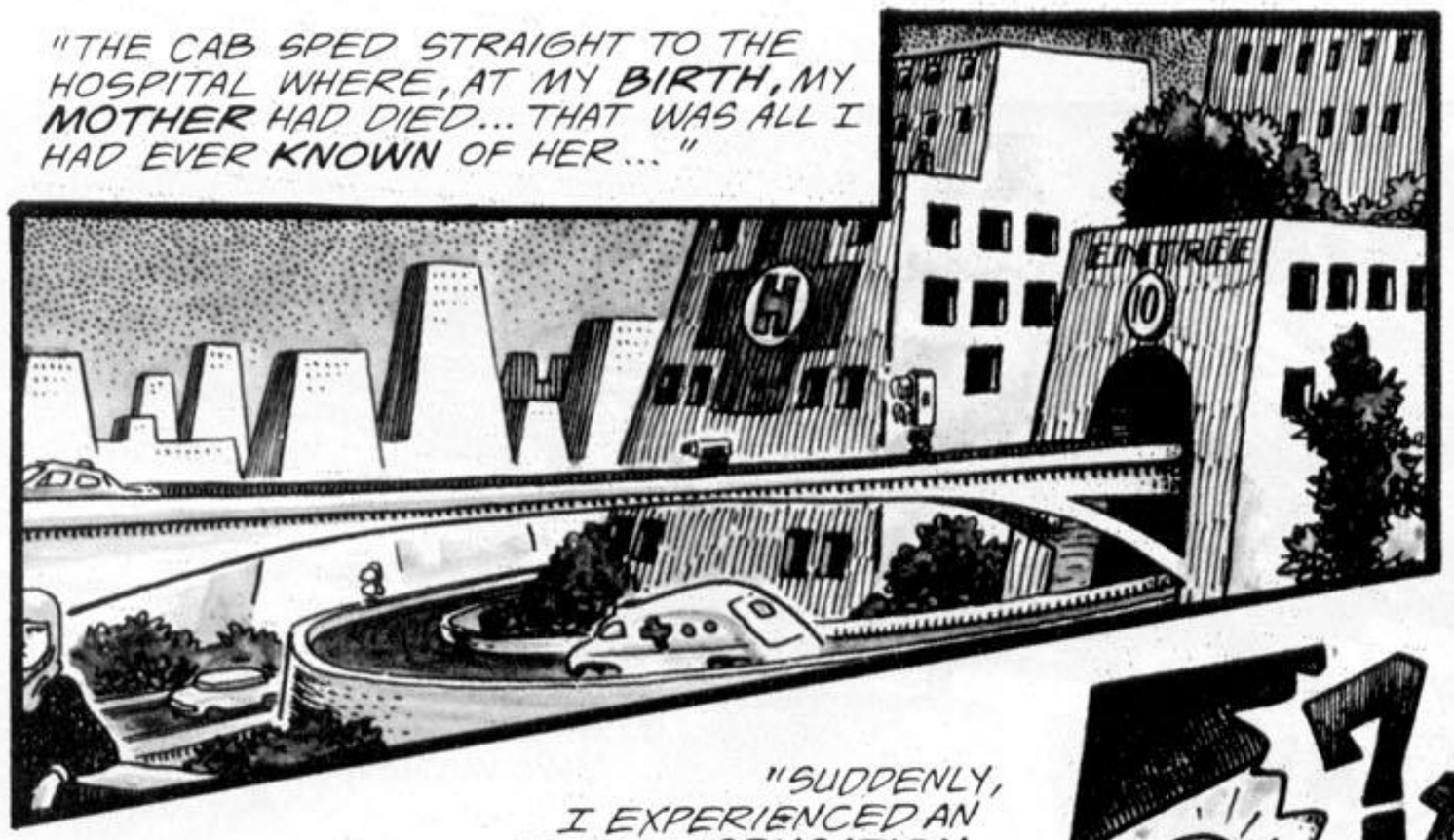
"D-DAY..."

TO THE NEAREST **HOSPITAL**, AND **HURRY!**

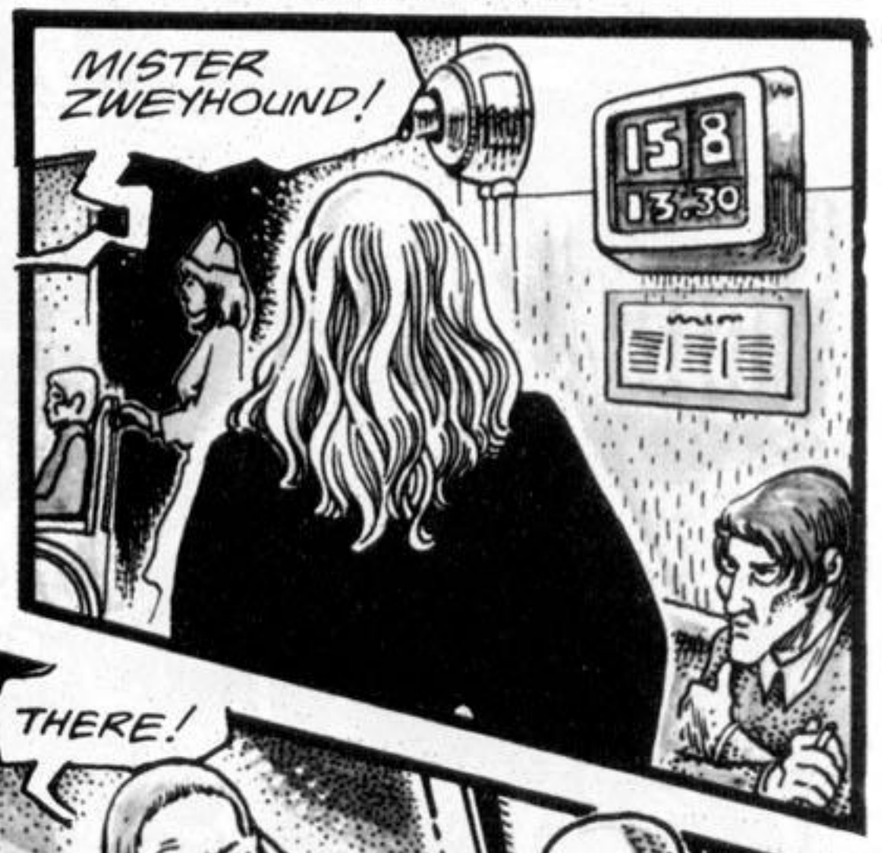
TAXI

2

"THE CAB SPED STRAIGHT TO THE HOSPITAL WHERE, AT MY **BIRTH**, MY **MOTHER** HAD DIED... THAT WAS ALL I HAD EVER **KNOWN** OF HER..."



"IN THE WAITING ROOM, I HAPPENED TO GLANCE AT THE CALENDAR... IT WAS MY **BIRTHDAY!!**"



"SUDDENLY, I EXPERIENCED AN EXTRAORDINARY **SENSATION**, THE **FEELING** THAT ALL OF THIS WAS **FAMILIAR**, HAPPENING AGAIN..."

"AS I APPROACHED THE CHILD, I COULD FEEL THE PROCESS OF **DISINTEGRATION** BEGIN..."

"AND IN A MATTER OF **SECONDS**, I WAS **GONE** FROM THE **PAST**, WHERE I HAD SPENT **NINE MONTHS**, AND **BACK** IN MY **PRESENT**, THE **FUTURE**..."

THE LONG TOMORROW

PART 2

STORY: DAN O'BANNON
ART: MOEBIUS

"I TAILED THE GUY WHO'D JUST TRIED TO **SNUFF ME** UP THE **ANTI-GRAV SHUTES** TO THE **SURFACE**. WE WERE IN THE **ASTROPORT**, SURROUNDED BY SPACE CRUISERS..."

"HE WAS YOUR STANDARD ISSUE **KILLER**, WEARING THE REGULATION **UNIFORM** OF THE BONDED **HIT MAN'S UNION**... I KNOW THE TYPE. THEY'RE USEFUL. JUST FOLLOWING ORDERS. BUT WITH A **CHANCE** TO GET MY **MITTS** ON ONE..."

"ALL ALONE OUT THERE, WITHOUT **WITNESSES**...

"I DIDN'T EXACTLY TAKE IT **EASY** ON HIM."

SHOK

MAYBE **THIS'LL** SLOW YOU DOWN, **FRIEND!**

BUMB

POMP

NOW *TALK!* *WHO* HIRED YOU TO RUB ME OUT? *WHO?*

I DON'T *KNOW!* I SWEAR IT! THE ORDERS CAME TO THE *KILL CENTER* WITH THE *MONEY*, IN AN *UNMARKED ENVELOPE*...

ATTENTION... CLEAR LAUNCH ZONE 647AZ... COUNTDOWN COMMENCING!

ALRIGHT. YOU KNOW, I *LIKE* YOU, PAL! I'M GONNA GIVE YOU A *CHANCE*...

LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN MAKE IT ACROSS THE *LAUNCH PAD*...

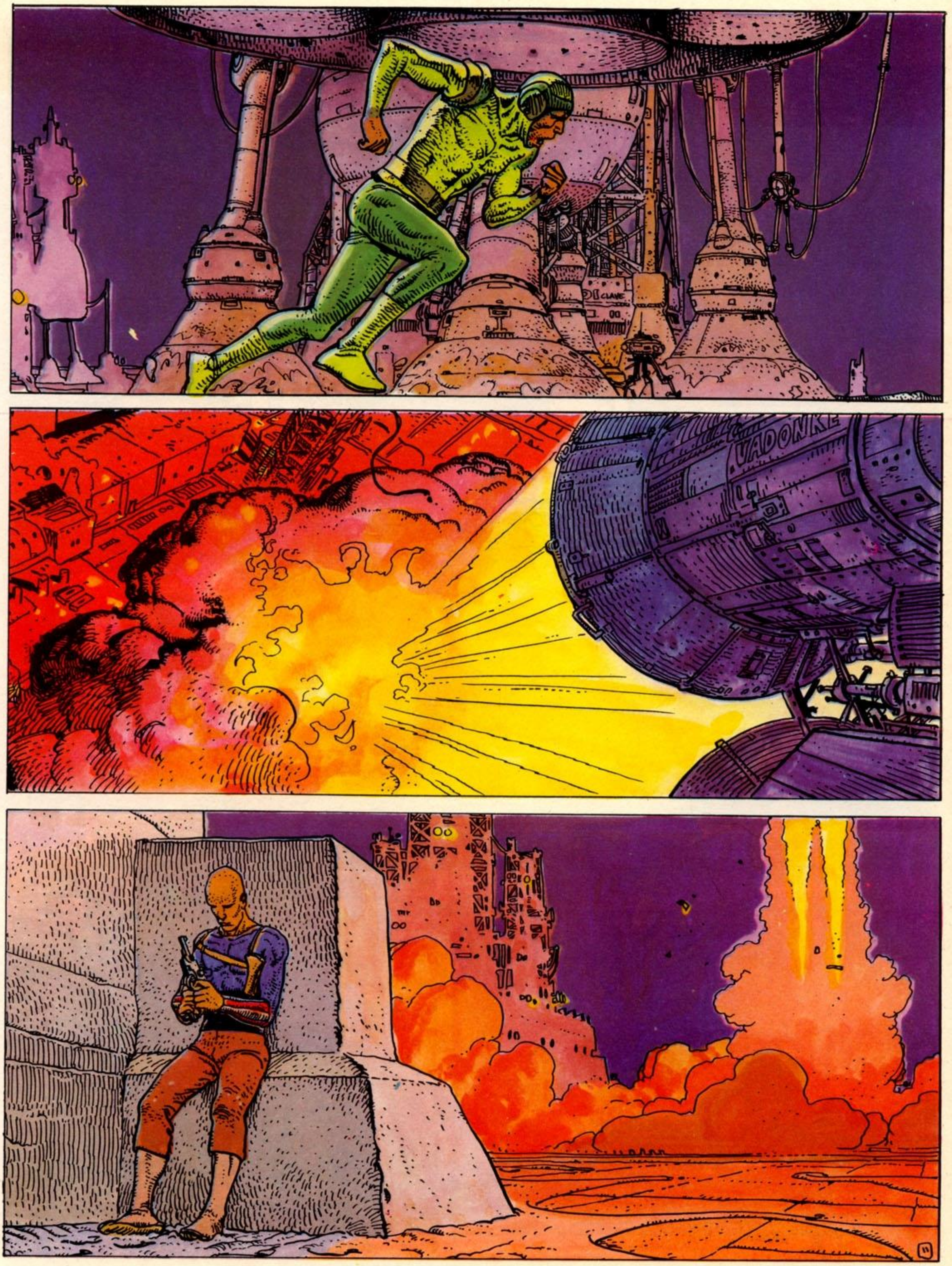
53... 52... 51...

...47... 46... 45...

...36... 35... 34...

...23... 22... ...21...

BRAP


VADONKE

"I MADE IT BACK TO MY OFFICE, AND GOT BUSY OPENING UP THAT SUITCASE..."

"JUST AS I THOUGHT...THE **MAJOR'S BRAIN** WAS IN THERE..."

ITS THE MAJOR'S BRAIN!

"I FIGURED I'D BETTER CALL **LIEUTENANT FY.** THEN..."

MISTER CLUB...

"IT WAS THE GIRL..."

BUT I... I... SAW YOU... **DEAD...**

"MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN **EVER**, AND ALL **DOLLED UP...**"

THAT WAS AN **ANDROID DOUBLE**. PETE, YOU'RE THE **ONLY ONE** WHO CAN HELP!

OH, **PLEASE** SAY YOU'LL HELP ME!

I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT! **ANYTHING!**

CALENDUNG 231

"SHE WAS ONLY THE **GREATEST**. THAT'S ALL."

DAMN PHONE!

DRRiiii

MMMM

C'EST SI **BON!***

*SIC

YEAH? WHO IS IT?

PETE? THIS IS **FY**. THE **LAB REPORT** JUST CAME IN ON THAT DAME'S **BODY**. THE **STIFF** WAS ONLY AN ANDROID DOUBLE!

RIGHT! I **KNEW** THAT ALREADY!

PETE, WE KNOW NOW **WHO** THE **ARCTURIAN SPY** IS...

OH, YEAH? WHO IS IT?

THE GIRL!

ARTONIN ARTA

NO! DARLING, DON'T TEAR US APART!

MY LOVE!

D.J.

SWEETHEART, I BEG YOU, LISTEN TO ME...

THAT'S *IT* FOR YOUR LITTLE *ARCTURIAN LOVE GAMES.*

CHCT

NO!

LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO, YOU WERE HIRING A *HIT MAN* TO *SNUFF ME!*

I *ADMIT* I WAS USING YOU, AND THAT I TRIED TO *KILL YOU...* BUT NOW THAT'S ALL *CHANGED...*

YOU MEAN *SO MUCH* TO ME... WE CAN *GET AWAY* TOGETHER... I *LOVE* YOU... I CAN ASSUME *ANY SHAPE* YOU DESIRE...

EVEN *YOUR OWN* IF THAT'S WHAT YOU *WANT*... I...

DEMON FROM SPACE!

SIZZL

"I GOT MY PANTS ON AND CALLED FY."

"THE MAJOR'S BRAIN WAS **RETRANS-PLANTED**. IT WAS EASY..."

"I TURNED IN MY REPORT TO THE AUTHORITIES."

"IT WAS AN **OLD STORY**... MEANINGLESS..."

70

77

Fin

"JUST A **STORY**. AND THERE ARE **EIGHT MILLION** LIKE IT IN THIS CITY, **DRIFTING** THROUGH **ETERNITY**."

Hamilton Potemkine

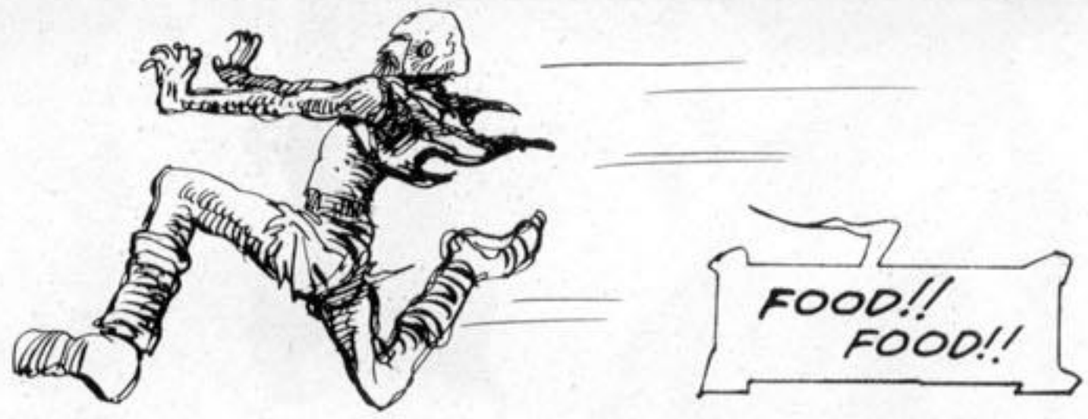
WELL NOW, **HAMILTON POTEMKINE**, SPACE CASTAWAY, FINDS HIMSELF FARTING AROUND, STUCK ON **PHONGE II**, A PLANET LOST AT THE END OF THE END OF EVERYTHING.

BURP!

BOP!

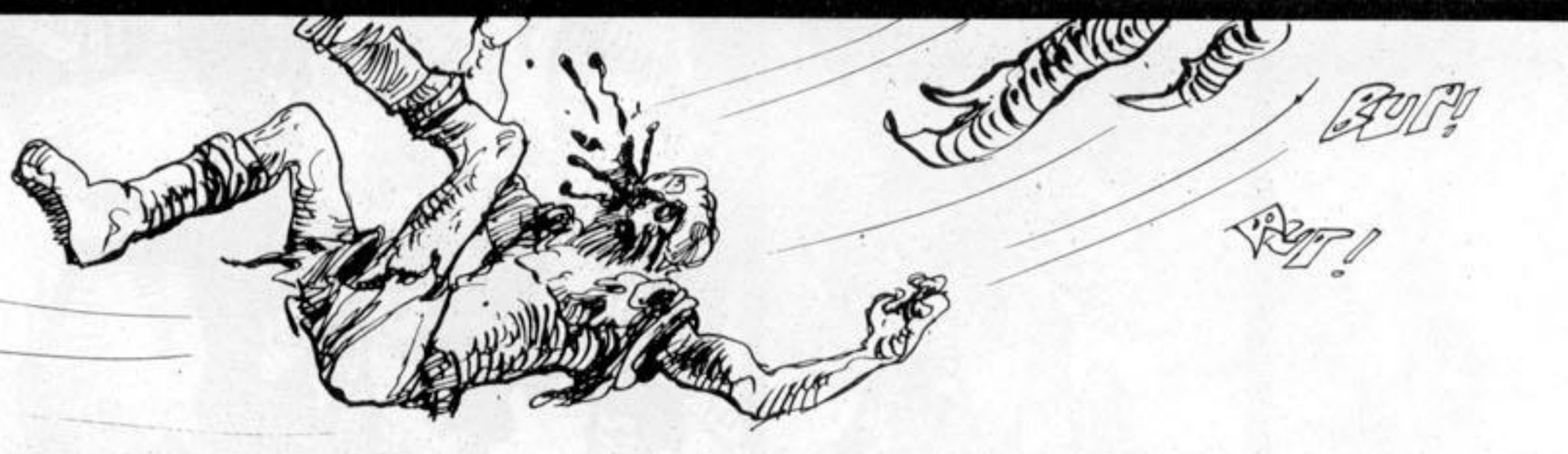
BOP!

BUP!
BUP!


FOOD!!
FOOD!!

BUP!
PUP!

PHF


BUP!
PUT!

POUF!

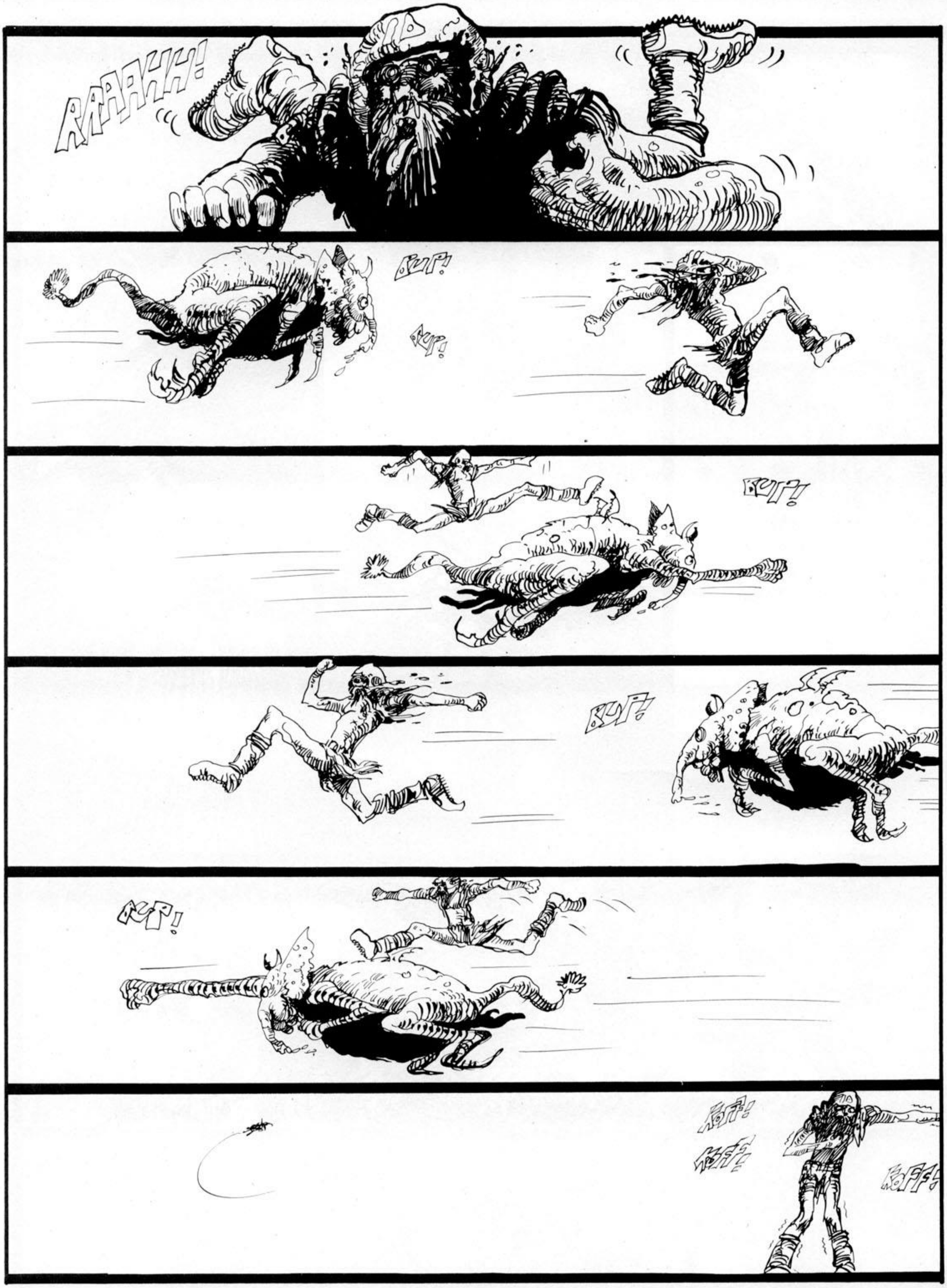
AOUF!

OUY

OUY

FLOP!

FLOP!


RAAAHH!
RUF!
RUF!
RUF!
RUF!
RUF!
KOFF!
KOFF!
KOFF!

BUP!

POOF! POOF!

BUP!

BUP!

PAAA

1996

MMM...THIS STILE TURNZ ME ONDUYU!

O RILLY?... YU GOIN'?

YAH, IMON MUHWAY....

DON BE TOO LATE. IM KINDA NERVUS...

AN TAYG KARE!

COARSE. SEE YU DUNITE!

WARE TO?

THE LAGE?

O.K.! LUGZ-LIKE CUDBE LOTSEM THERE NOW!

O.K., LEZ GO!

...Love me, hold me, love me, hold me, I'm free any old time to get what, I whant. I'm...

SCHLUMSE FOR PRESIDENT

HEY! IDZA FEMALE!

I'm free to choose who I see any old time... I'm..

grr

free...

NIZE SHOT, AY?

NODBAD... NODBAD...

A BID SKINNY FOR MY TAZD, THAT BIRD! HA HA HA

JEEZ, A DUBLE MEEN-IN'!...

CM.

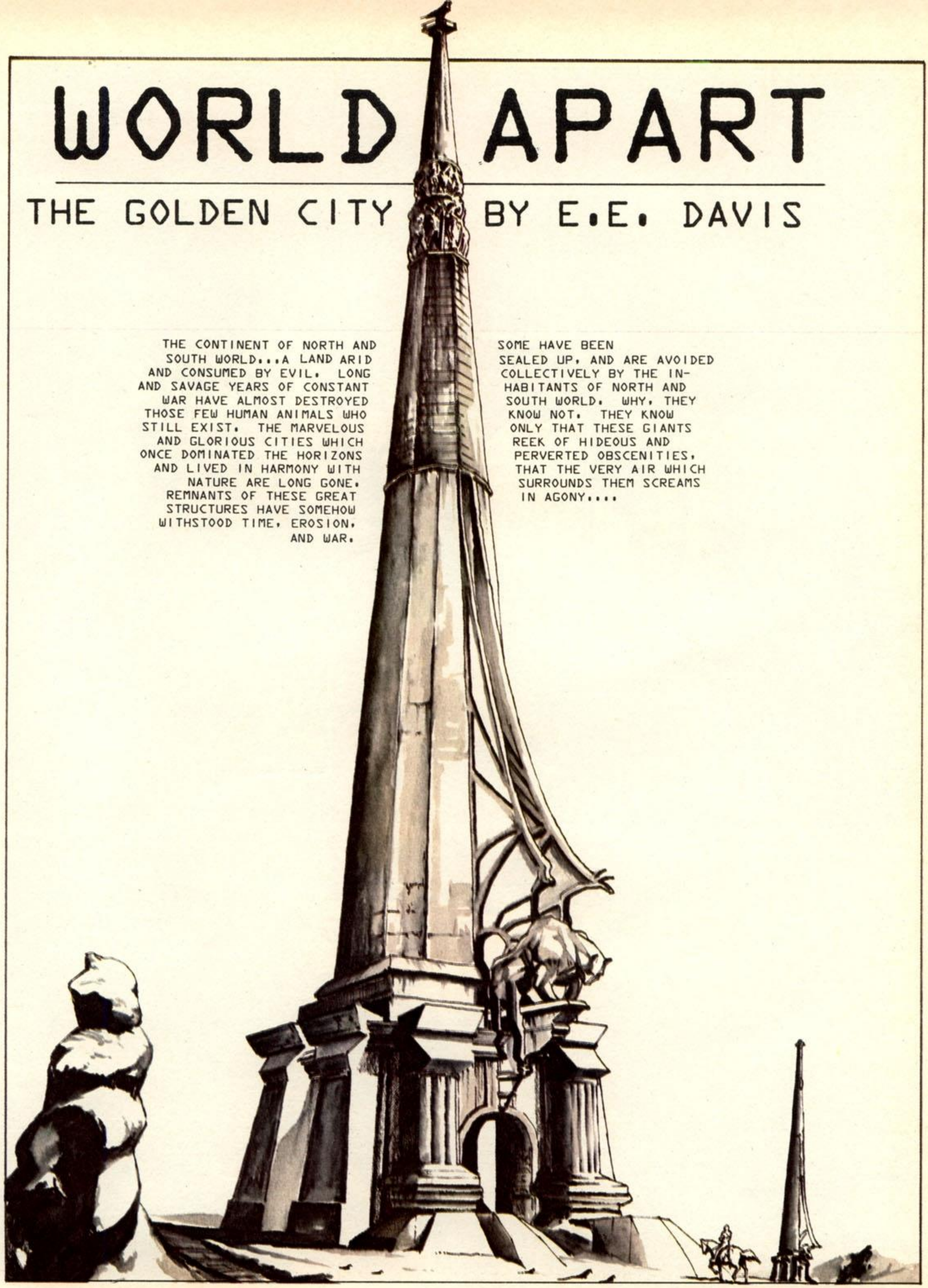
WORLD APART

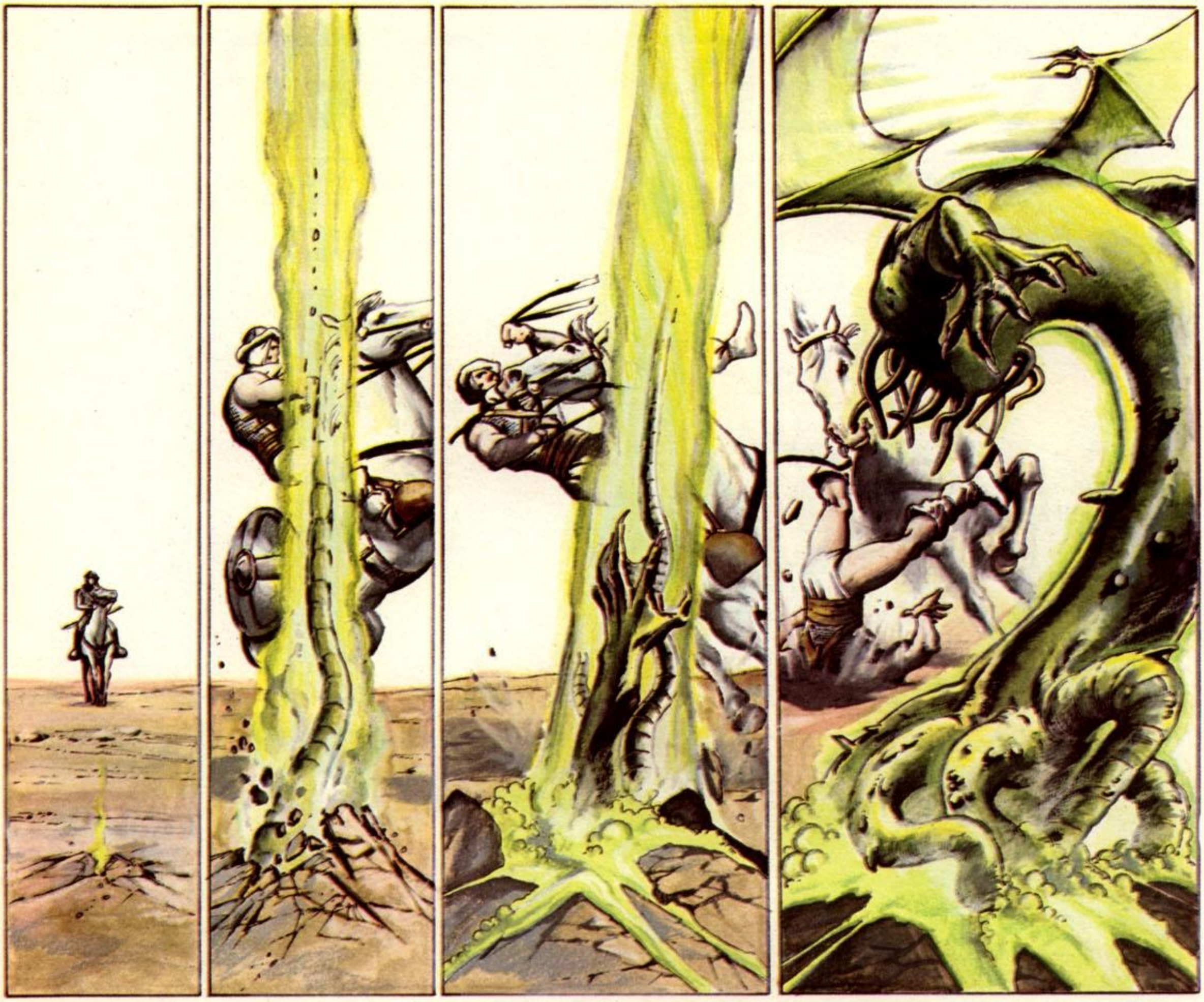
THE GOLDEN CITY

BY E.E. DAVIS

THE CONTINENT OF NORTH AND SOUTH WORLD...A LAND ARID AND CONSUMED BY EVIL. LONG AND SAVAGE YEARS OF CONSTANT WAR HAVE ALMOST DESTROYED THOSE FEW HUMAN ANIMALS WHO STILL EXIST. THE MARVELOUS AND GLORIOUS CITIES WHICH ONCE DOMINATED THE HORIZONS AND LIVED IN HARMONY WITH NATURE ARE LONG GONE. REMNANTS OF THESE GREAT STRUCTURES HAVE SOMEHOW WITHSTOOD TIME, EROSION, AND WAR.

SOME HAVE BEEN SEALED UP, AND ARE AVOIDED COLLECTIVELY BY THE INHABITANTS OF NORTH AND SOUTH WORLD. WHY, THEY KNOW NOT. THEY KNOW ONLY THAT THESE GIANTS REEK OF HIDEOUS AND PERVERTED OBSCENITIES, THAT THE VERY AIR WHICH SURROUNDS THEM SCREAMS IN AGONY....





Bluddy nuisance, that! Burned your rotten tail, didn't I?

Goddamnit!

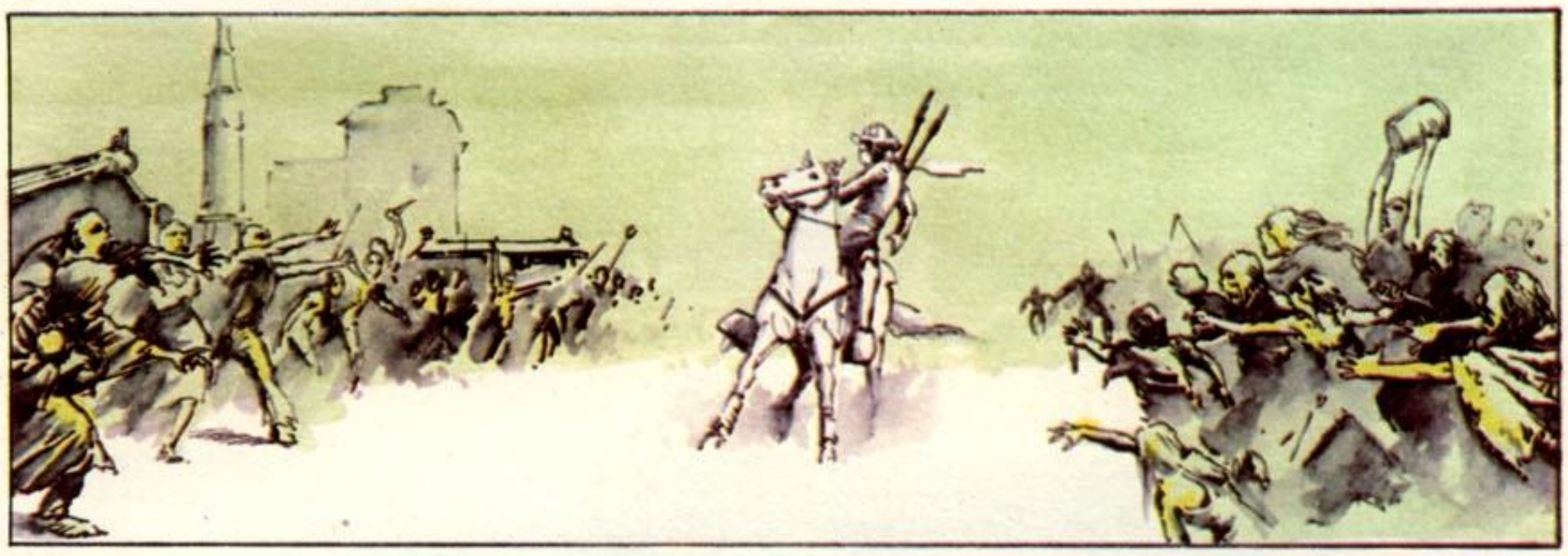
Goddamnit!

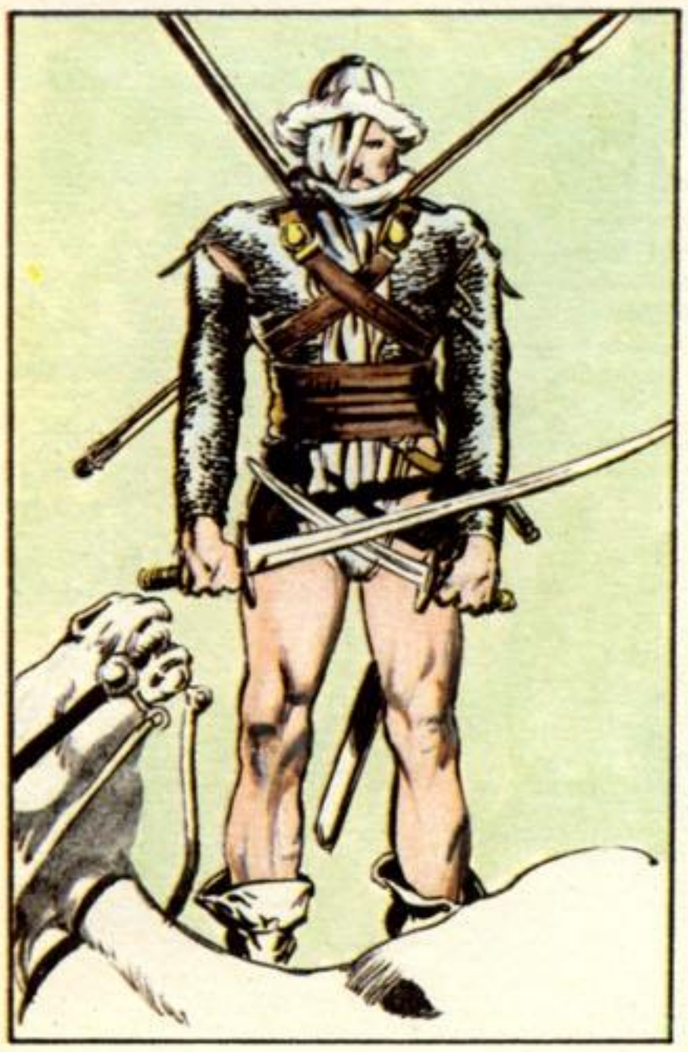
AFTER RETRIEVING HIS MOUNT, THE NAMELESS ALBINO CONTINUES, NORTH, UNTIL, LEAVING THE DESERTS AT LAST, HE ENTERS THE COLDER REGIONS OF SARUS....

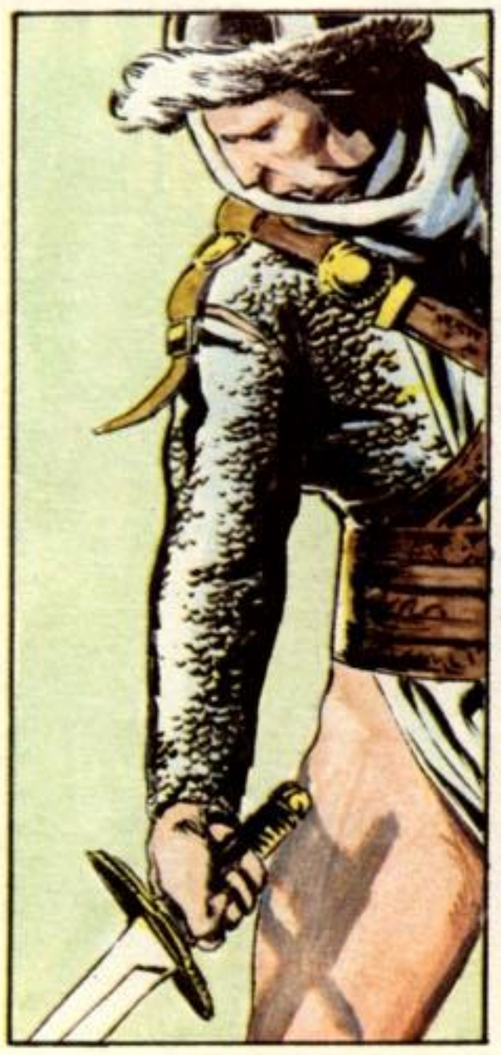
SARUS, THE GOLDEN CITY, NAMED AFTER SARUS ARGON--NOW ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING POPULATION CENTERS IN THE NORTH WORLD.

THE GOLDEN CITY OF SARUS

SARUS NO LONGER SHINES AS BRIGHTLY AS IT DID. THE GREAT ROAD IS POCKED AND SCARRED BEYOND REPAIR. STINKING HOVELS SURROUND SARUS ON EVERY SIDE. MUTED SOUNDS CAN BE HEARD IN THE STILL AIR, WHICH HANGS HEAVY WITH DECAY. THE HUMAN ANIMALS WITHIN ARE DYING.







Aye!

This'un's made an 'elluva mistake. Ain't 'e, Alf?

Why for would 'e come 'ere, do y' think? Could it be 'e's one 'o them Messiahs? Come t' rescue us?

Nah, 'e ain't no Messiah! You know Messiahs don't get their beasts 'et. They come floatin' in on the air, they do.

Would you be so kind as to follow me?

Nuts!

EVERYWHERE HE LOOKS, THE ALBINO SEES DEATH.
HE CAN SEE THAT THIS ONCE GLORIOUS CITY
HAS BECOME A HIDEOUS PRISON.

What shall we do with it, sire? Burn it, cut it up for sale to the people as pale meat pie, or stuff it for our museum?

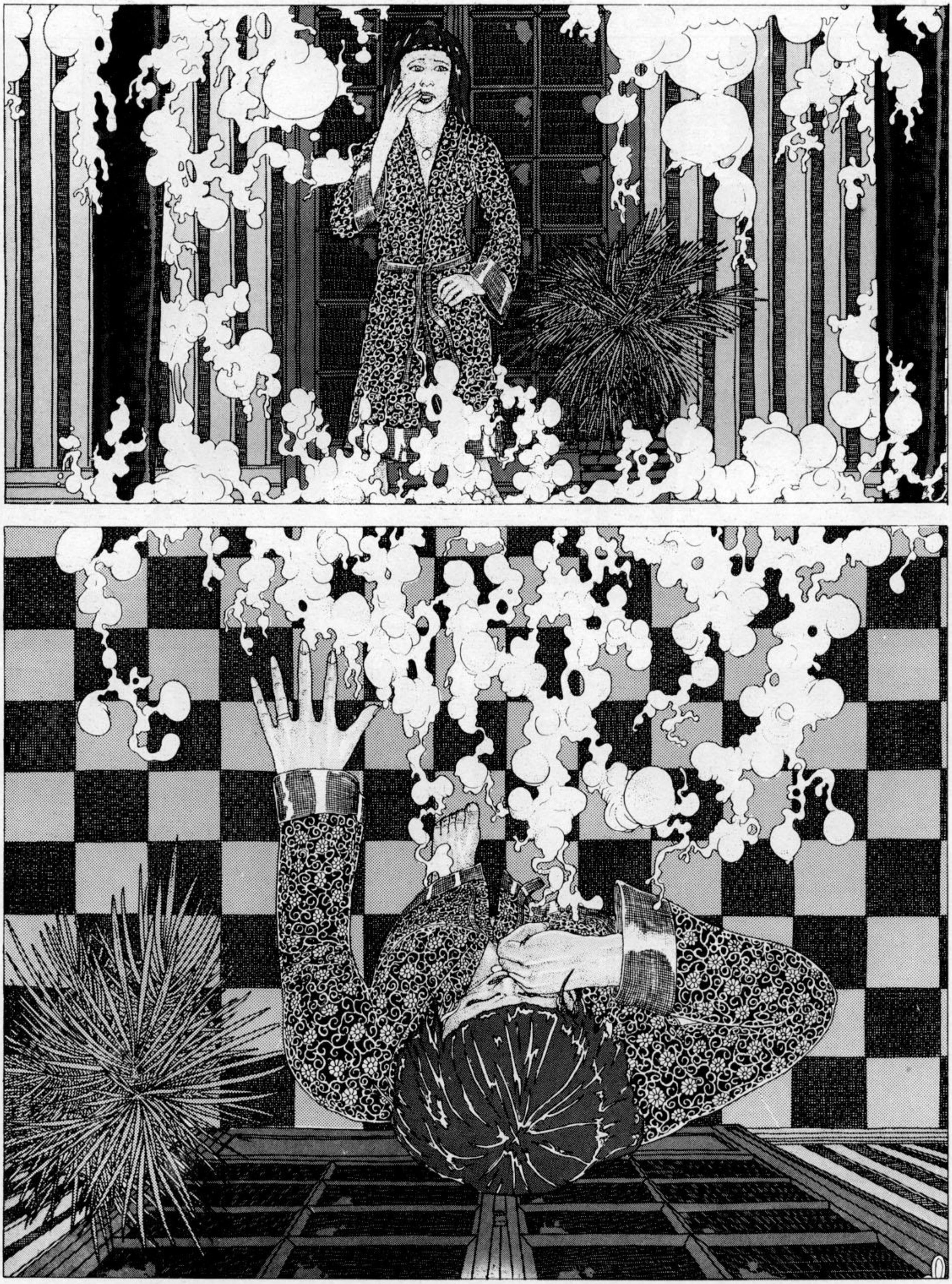
Ah,...ah...I, think ...ah... I think it's very ugly...KILL IT!

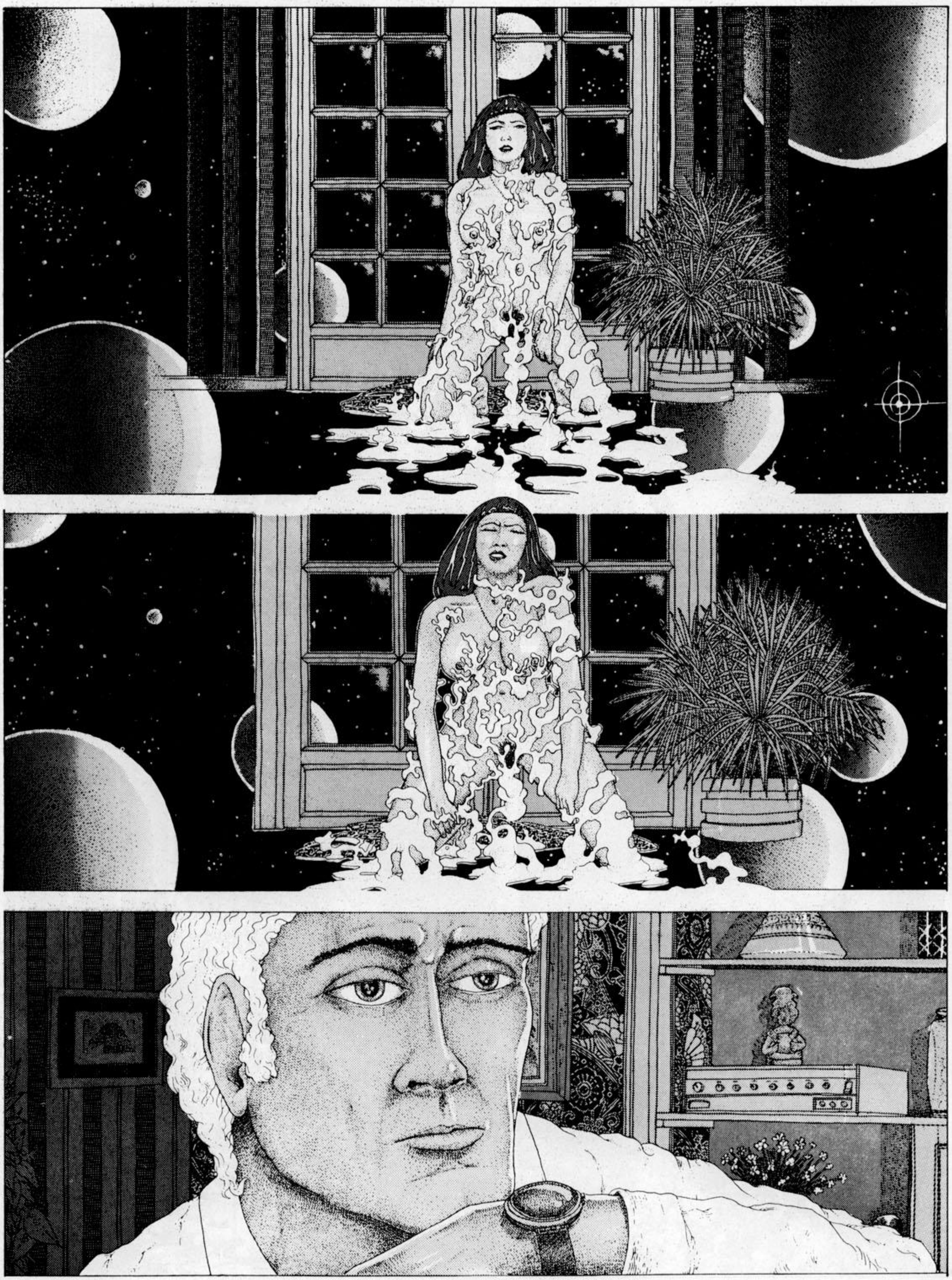
From one rotten, stinkin', lousy mess to another....

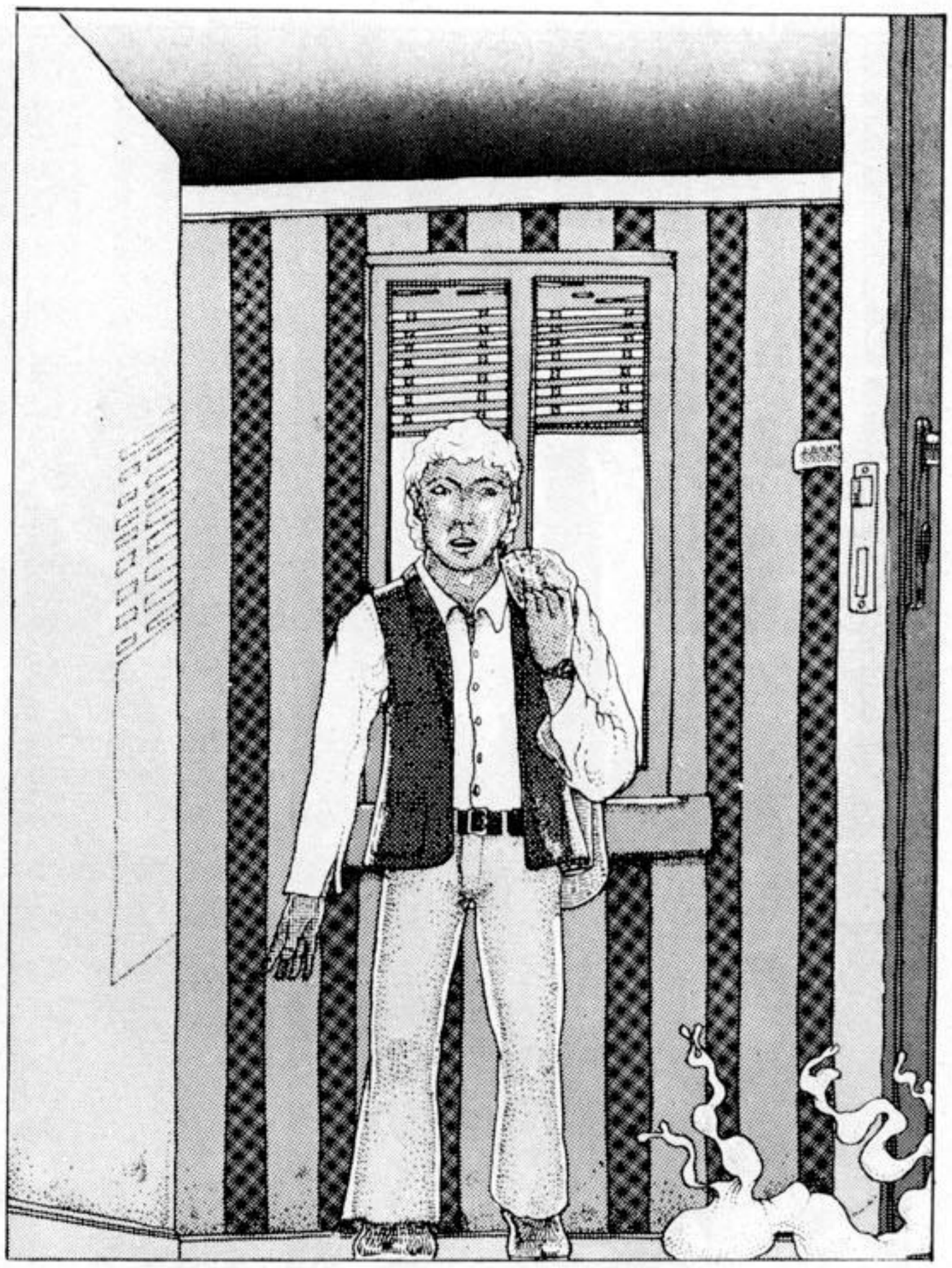
TO BE CONTINUED...

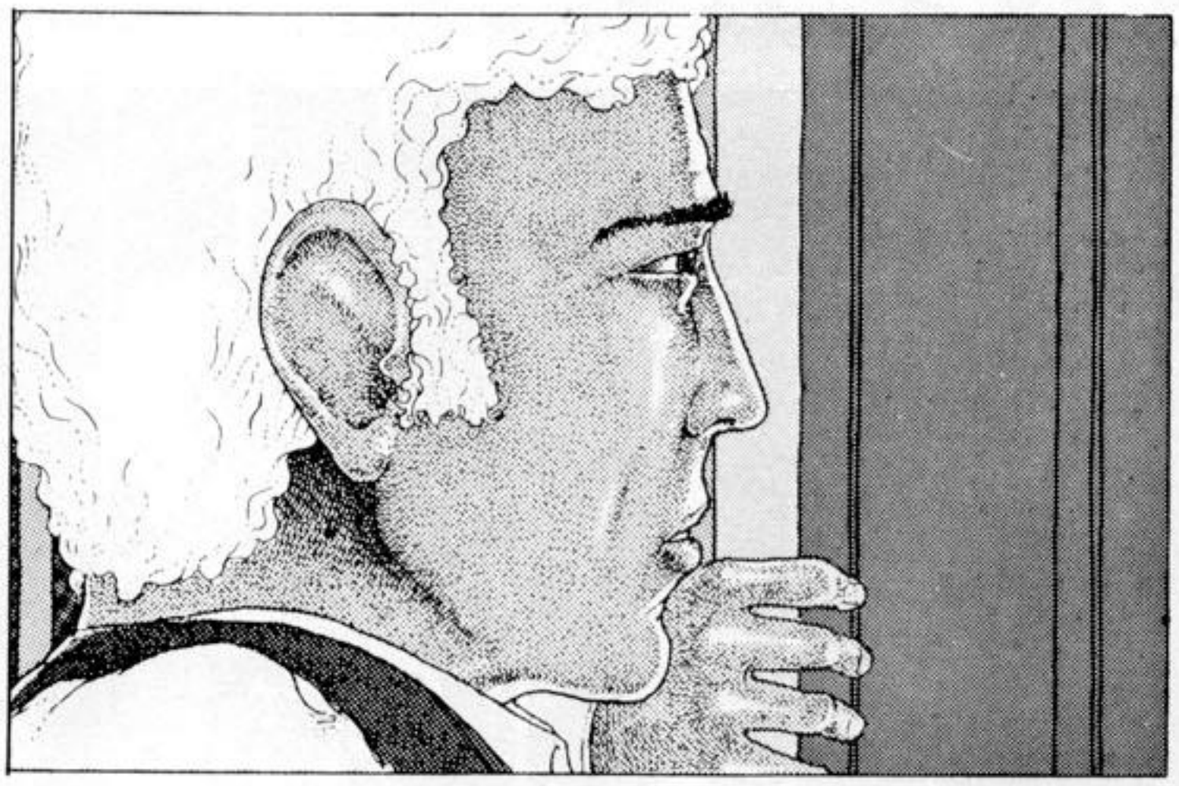
Package for you, Missus Jones.

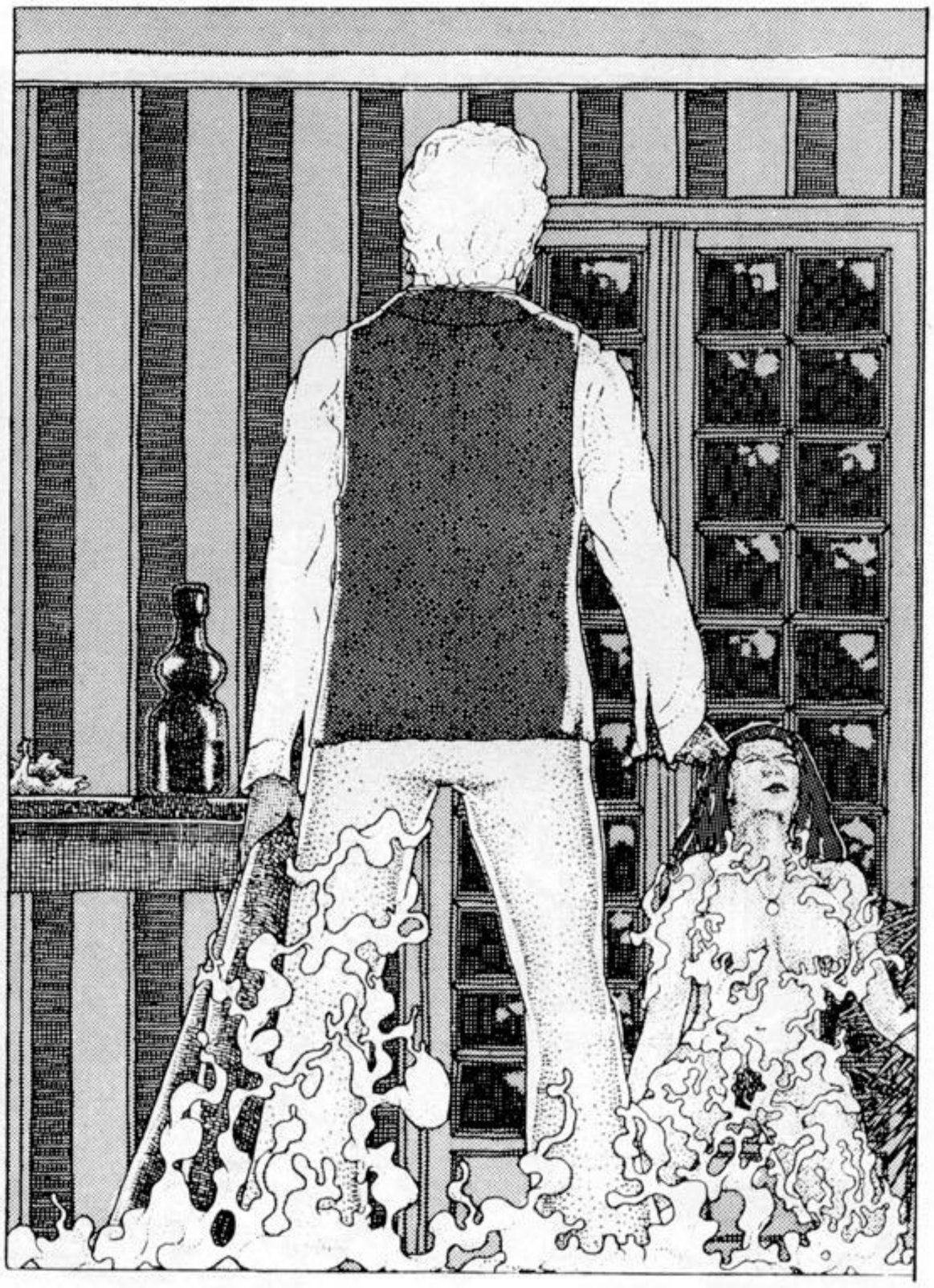
alex 76

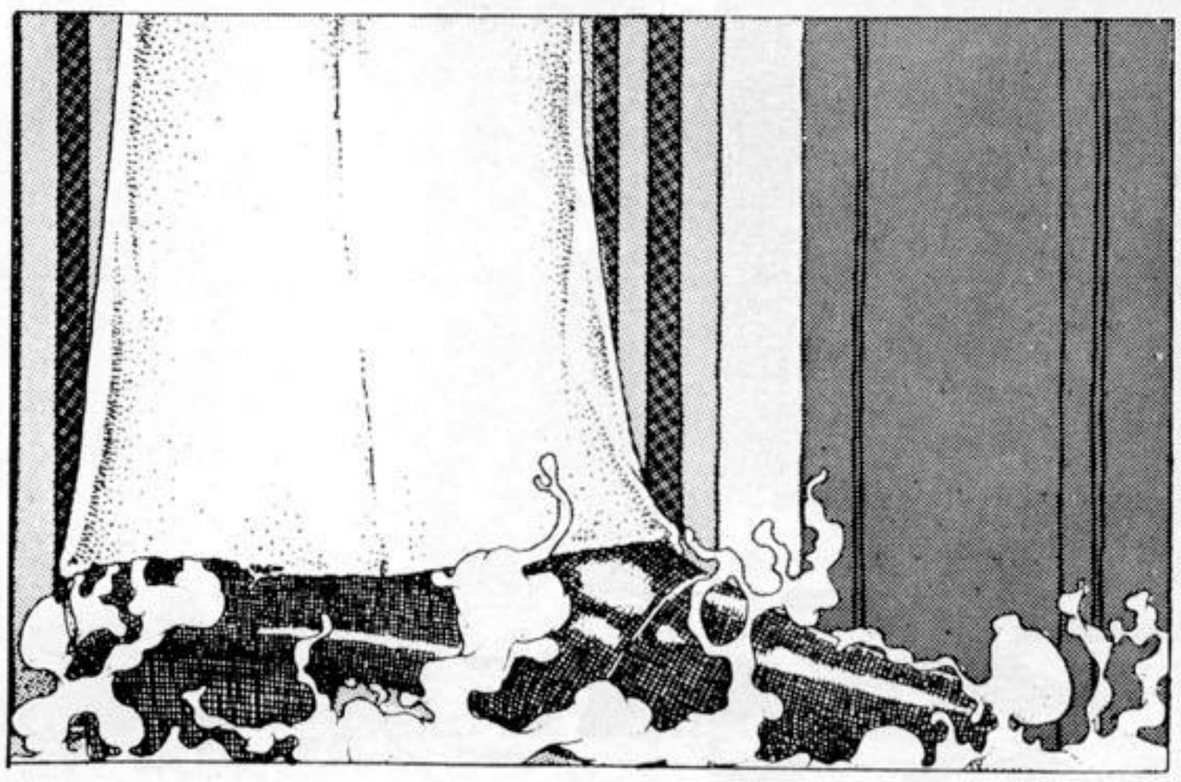


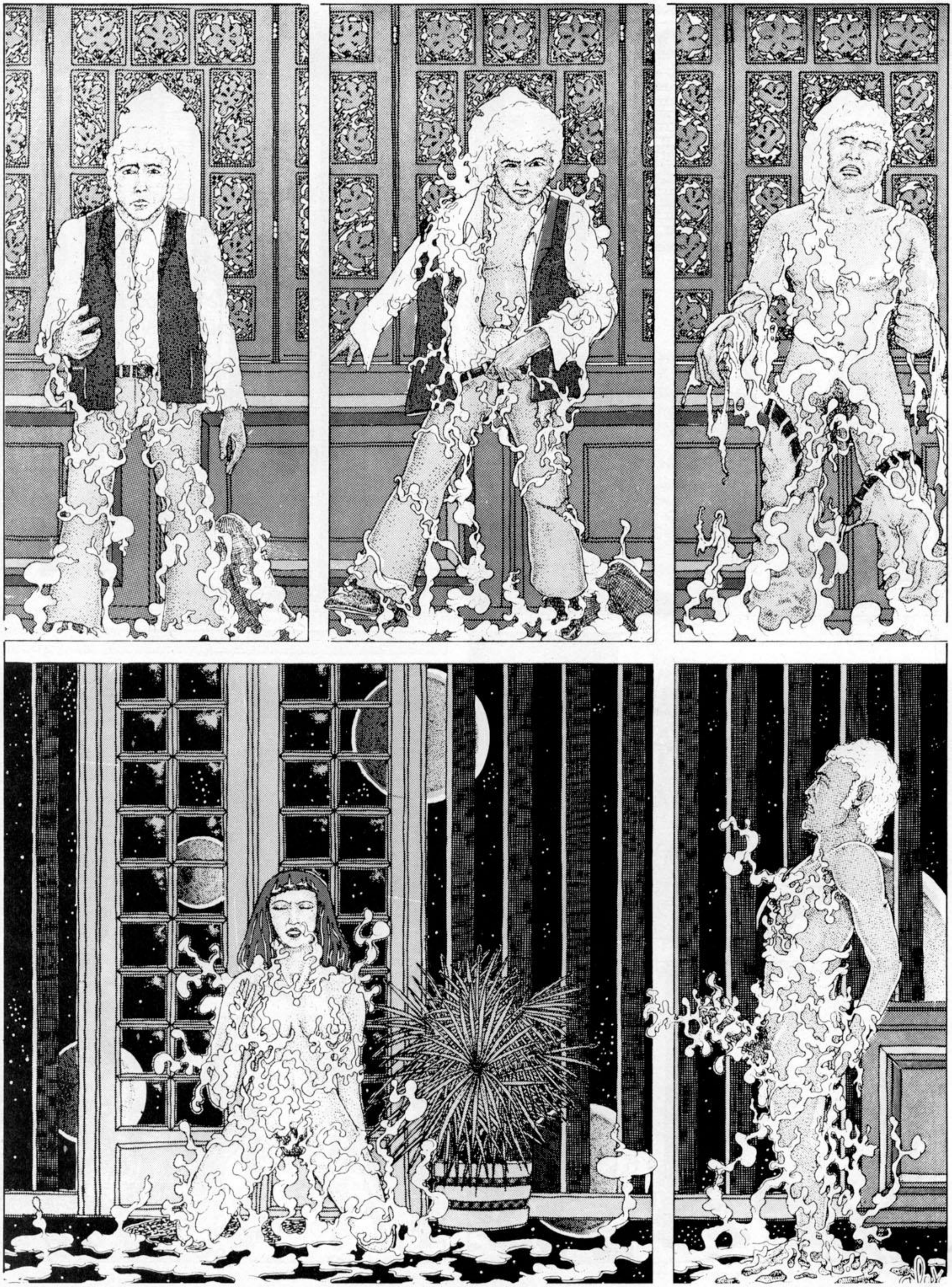


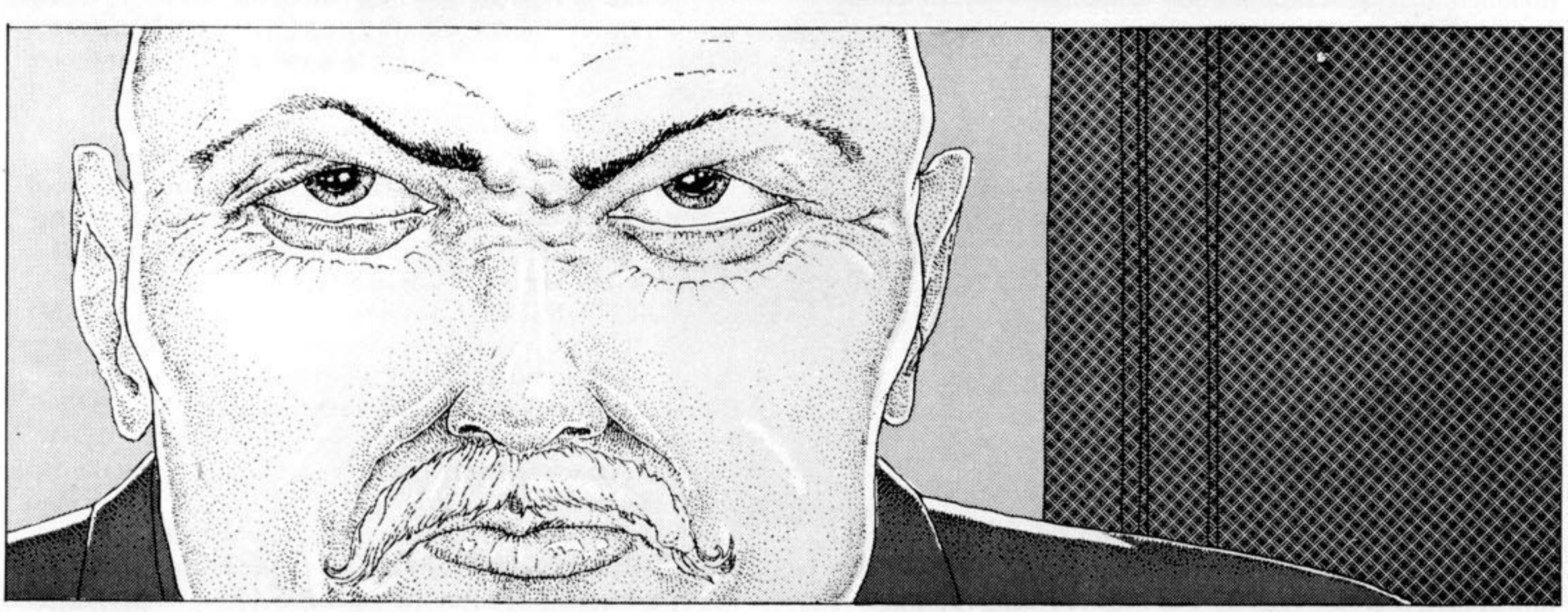


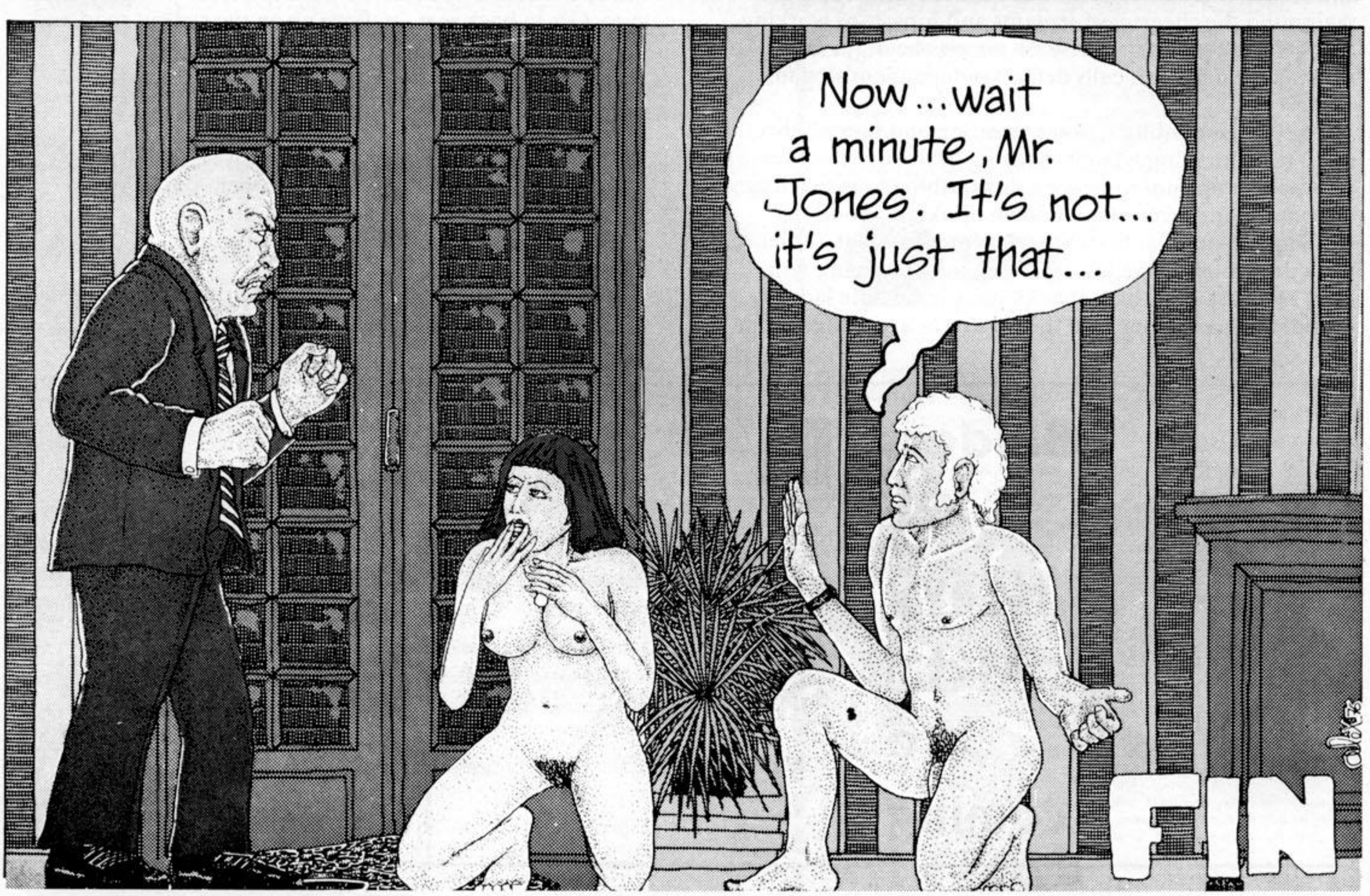











Now...wait a minute, Mr. Jones. It's not... it's just that...
FIN

Our Own Little Mardi Grass

Continued from page 61

Merriass Markham struggles nigra paws, claws *lookit* him drool smashes Miss Markham to the floor reaches, she screeches, nigra bends, rends, rips Miss Merriass's frilly gown *rip* down the back she rolls cloth falls away from big pink rubies round boobies nigra growls audience howls *and:*

:whimpering half-naked surn womanhood backs away from slobbing black animan backs he lunges an arm claws at hanging cloth at pure white womanhood's waist *r-i-i-p* nigra swings arm away in triumph pink and white shreds hanging from clawlike beasthand Miss Merriass Markham no longer fearing stands straight in spangspot eyes flashing bosom heaving as they say (mmm, bosom heaving) starkass naked pale white flesh pale in now-pale spangspot only spots of color her golden lox, dark eyes, red lips (open, panting, love those big bodiorificesheymac?) and red nips and that curly triangle pub hair like night delight and what's that?

Curled around her jelly hip what's that black what's that? Round it goes around that sweet soft crotch that lovie V and up around her hip and back O Underline the Arse and back between and around and what? A handle it has she grasps and uncoils a whip (a bullwhip a buckwhip) and up-raises't in the spangspot and lookit *lookit* that face that joy that maidenhood defended boyoboy o *lookit* that coon *now* willya see him cringe see him crawl

he *knows* his place

but she won't let him off that easy Miss Merriass swings that whip and *tchapp!* lookit that nigra roll hear him whine *phwapp!* O good O God O finefinefine O go Miss Merriass and *crack!* O look o look his back the red the people lose their mind the cheers and screams and hips, hips working, losing minds, pelvis grinds tears, cheers the nigra falls, Miss Merriass Triumphant calls defiant independent slogan:

Never!

Lights out, rustling sighing moaning and houselights uuup roomful of men (well...) sitting drained, Miss Merriass and troupe not to be seen shortfatblond emcee in centeroom waving arms up and down blinking mouth working no sound at first (but who cares? a great audience, not a dry crotch in the house!) — Thank you thank you Miss Merriass Markham thanks you please note ladies (hmm) and gentlemen that the nigra was accredited member Actors Professional Guild qualified simulator available weddings and bar mitzvahs this is, after all, a respectable establishment drink up ladies (?) m gentlemen thank you.–

Well the Jack Daniels sippin was about done by now so he poured a few drops for Gordon Lester Wallace III and Freddie and finished up the rest himself and smacked his hand down hard on the table some money in it bills and coins made a good solid sound on the fakewood and stood up, up too Gordon Lester Wallace III and Freddie, followed him to the door past the (one might so dignify him) *maitre d'hote* a short man with the cutest blond strings crossing his pate plastered with perspiration (or sweat as they say) on his forehead and a couple strands dank dangling before his *left* eye and — Thank you sir O thank you —as they passed through the dirty door with the stapaglass panel (the extra O thank you for a sweet tweak in a sensitive spot) and onto the landing.

— Base now — he said.

— Yes — said Gordon Lester Wallace III and Freddie.

They scapp-scappered down dingy stairs out dingy door at bottom retraced steps past quick glimpse at Leto Comp Svcs peered into Noozan Sundries (last edns now on sale N'ALA TRIUMPH () BLACKS FALLING BACK () RUMOR N'DESERET TO ENTER WAR () TREASON TRIAL IN TRUSSVILLE passemby), military supplies (needny bentfin boomers?), Piggy Peggy's (eyecorner glimpse of John Darn entering establishment), and EATs and B A R.

Gyrenes back to two-wheel gyrocar and !whatchaknow! clever electronic device done *caught* somebody (short man and fat with platnum locks) see'm *writhe* willya?

GLWIII&F watch as he keys off clever device, writher falls, he chexm — No fun this bucketkicker — he gets in gyro, G+ in back seat, 'noff we go on the red rut road and to (but of course!) beddie.

Darkness in barracks, he listens:

— Deepspace, do you think? —

— N'Cathay? —

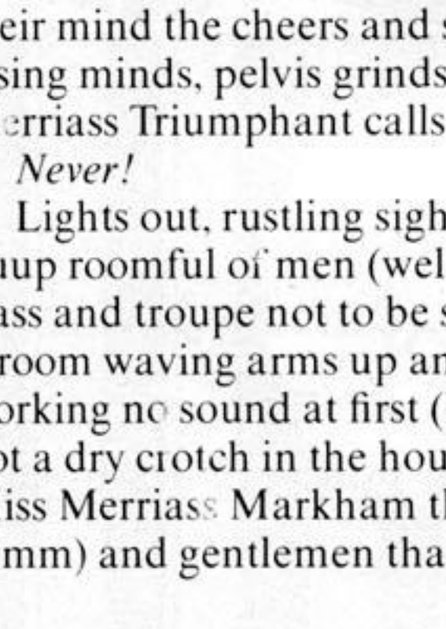
— N'Yu-Atlanchi bet.—

— Invade, invade N'Haiti show furgem papadocs. —

—Think we'll ever get back on O'Earth? —

Sniggers. From sarge's private (well) cubicle: — Orders tomorrow. Now quiet! —

Rustles and sighs. ○



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Inside the SX 1250, for example, you'll find that we took the time to shield every critical section. So spurious signals from one section can't leak into another. And dirt and dust can't get in to affect performance. So the SX 1250 not only produces crisp, interference-free sound when it's new, but still sounds great as it grows old.

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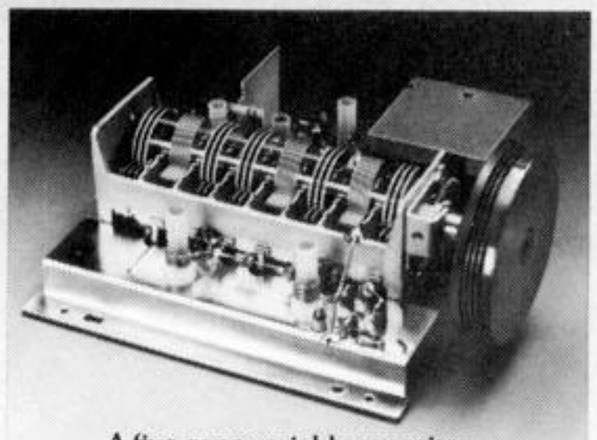
In our power supply, instead of finding a conventional transformer, you'll find a heavier, more advanced toroidal-core transformer. It's less susceptible to voltage variations. And less likely to leak noise. Which means you get a cleaner, clearer sound.

And where most high-powered receivers come with a three, or four gang variable capacitor for FM tuning, the SX 1250 features a *five* gang zinc plated variable capacitor that cleans up FM reception much better. And helps to pull in stations that some three or four gang capacitors can't even touch.


A five gang variable capacitor for FM reception that never varies.

Obviously, these are only a few of the refinements that went into the SX 1250. But given just these few things, it should come as no surprise that the SX 1250 even weighs more than most of our competitors' high-powered offerings.

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